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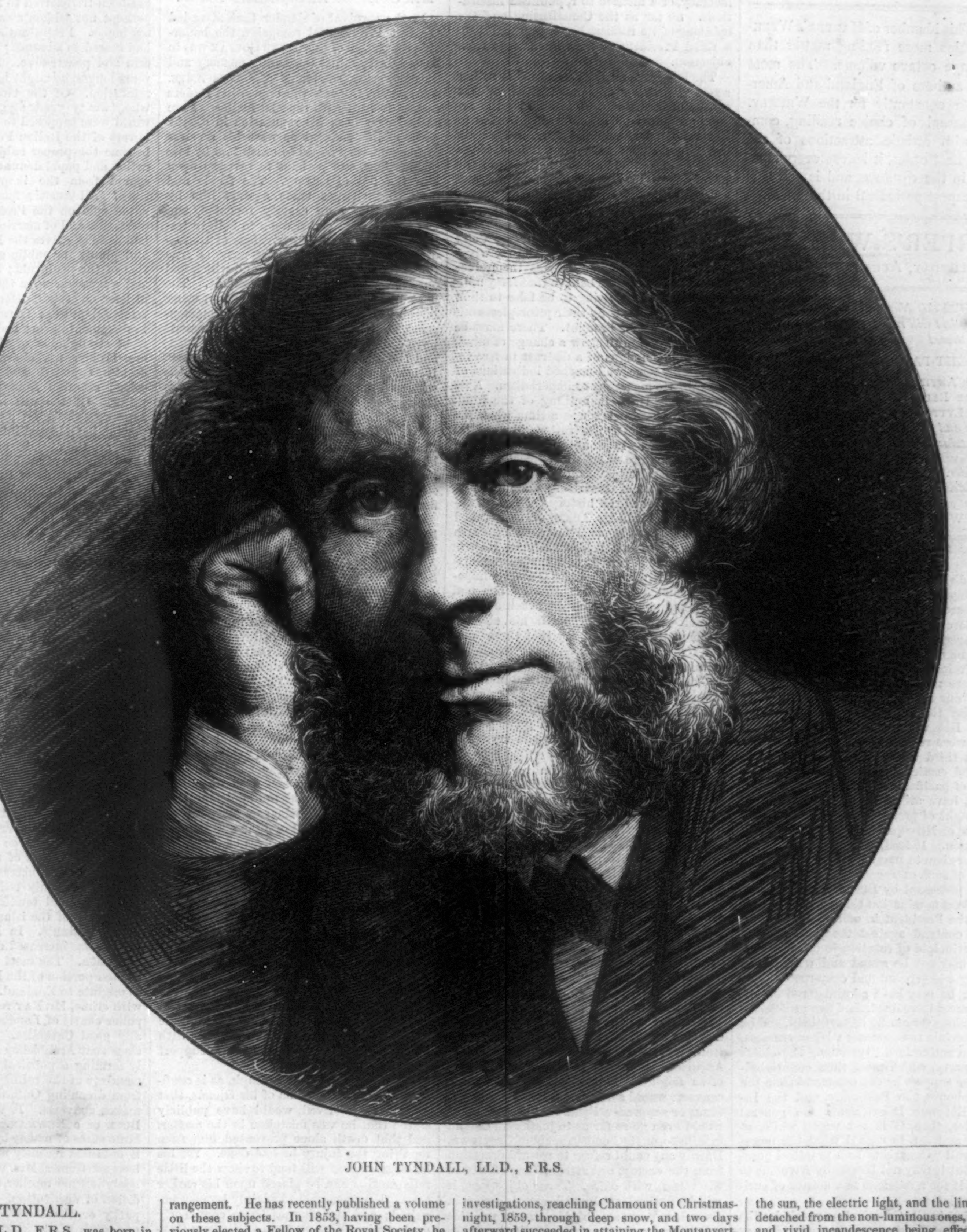

JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

JOHN TYNDALL.

John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., was born in Ireland about 1820. He was employed for some years on the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom, went to Germany in 1848, and studied at the University of Marburg, and afterward in the laboratory of **Magnus**, in Berlin. He conducted investigations on the phenomena of diamagnetism and on the polarity of the diamagnetic force, including researches on the magneto-optic properties of crystals, and the relation of magnetism and diamagnetism to molecular arrangement. He has recently published a volume on these subjects. In 1853, having been previously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and succeeded the celebrated **Faraday** as superintendent. The publication of an essay on the cleavage of slate rocks was the proximate cause of his joining his friend Professor **Huxley** in a visit to the glaciers of Switzerland in 1856; and they afterward published a joint paper on the structure and motion of glaciers. He returned to Switzerland in 1857, 1858, and 1859, and pursued his investigations, reaching Chamouni on Christmas-night, 1859, through deep snow, and two days afterward succeeded in attaining the Montanvert, where he remained nearly three days, for the most part amidst blinding snow, and determined the winter motion of the Mer de Glace. In 1859 he commenced his researches on radiant heat, which have disclosed relations previously unthought of between this agent and the gaseous form of matter. Numerous memoirs published in the *Philosophical Transactions* are devoted to this subject. In one of them a ray-filter is described, by means of which the luminous rays of the sun, the electric light, and the lime light are detached from the non-luminous ones, combustion and vivid incandescence being effected at foci absolutely dark. Mr. **Tyndall** is a Rumford Medalist of the Royal Society, and a member of various foreign scientific societies. He was made LL.D. of Cambridge in 1855, and LL.D. of Edinburgh in 1866, when Mr. **Carlyle** was installed Rector of the University. He has written *The Glaciers of the Alps*, published in 1860; *Mountaineering*, in 1861; *A Vacation Tour*, in 1862; *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion*, in 1853; *On Radiation: the "Rede" Lecture, May* 16, 1865, in 1865. He has also published a volume on sound, *Faraday as a Discoverer*, and two recent works, the one entitled *Fragments of Science*, and the other *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, 1871.

Dr. Tyndall's name has recently been brought somewhat prominently before the public in consequence of a paper written by him in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he proposed to ascertain the practical value of prayer by statistical observations taken in hospitals. This article led to a lengthened controversy, in which many persons of eminence, representing all varieties of belief, took part. Dr. Tyndall not long since made a very successful lecturing tour in this country. The profits of this excursion he generously left in the hands of a committee, the interest to be expended for the aid of students who devote themselves to original research. It is needless here to dilate on Professor Tyndall's eminence as a man of science, but it may be mentioned that, in common with Professor Huxley, he possesses in a very remarkable degree the power of lucid explanation, and, under his skillful guidance, the most unlearned reader is enabled to master many of the difficulties of scientific study.

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Saturday, August 16, 1873.

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CÆSARISM.

The discussion that is going on in the newspapers on the subject of General Grant's second re-election is at least premature. Barely six months of his second term have elapsed. It will be extraordinary if, during the next three years, men's minds do not drift into new channels, and popular fancy does not crave new idols. Few, indeed, of our Presidents have retained their popularity throughout their first term of office. But two of the six who, before Grant, were re-elected were ever thought of for a third term. If Mr. Lincoln had lived, and carried into successful effect his scheme of pacification, the question might, perhaps, have arisen in his case. But no one thought of pressing the name of either Madison, or Monroe, or Jackson for a third nomination. Indeed, it has come to be almost an axiom in party politics that, in the absence of such extraordinary qualifications as were possessed by Lincoln and Grant, the weakest nomination that can be made is that of the President in office. He has not only to contend against the public belief in the principle of rotation in office, which may or may not be sound and wise, but is certainly wide-spread and deep-rooted, but, however he may have administered his office, he must have displeased five professional politicians for one he has gratified, and he is thus certain to encounter a lukewarmness, if not an active hostility, among the chiefs of his party, which more than counterbalances the support he can command from the Custom-house, the Post-office, and the Internal Revenue Department. On general principles, then, it is not worth while, at present at least, to regard what the newspapers call "Cæsarism" as a practical question. But it may not be wholly frivolous to look at it for a moment as a matter of curious speculation.

Nothing in the Constitution precludes the re-election of the same man to the Presidency for an indefinite number of terms. In the original draft of the Constitution the President was elected by Congress for a term of seven years, and was not re-eligible. In the Constitution as amended by the Grand Committee, and finally adopted, the President is elected by Presidential electors for four years, and his rights as to re-election are the same as those of other citizens. Washington, at the close of his second term, apprised his fellow-citizens that he "declined to be considered among the number of those out of whom the choice of a President was to be made," and added that "the acceptance of and continuance in the office have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty." He evidently considered himself eligible, and had his "inclination" been different, would have seen no objection to a third term. Nor did Mr. Jefferson, when urged to become a candidate for the third time by various bodies of citizens, and by the Legislatures of Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Georgia. He declined partly on the ground of growing infirmities, and partly from deference to the example set by Washington. In fact, Mr. Madison's succession had some time before been settled between the President and his supporters. There is nothing in the writings of Jefferson or his contemporaries to show that either he or they thought a third term would have involved a violation of the principles of democracy, or a menace to republican institutions. So far as the Constitution and the opinions of its framers are concerned, then, a third Presidential term seems free from objection.

The bugbear called "Cæsarism" is rather a sneer than an argument. If the President can be elected thrice, it is said by the ardent patriots who see a coming Cæsar in General Grant, why not four, five, or six times, or for life? Why not, indeed, if the people say so? If a clear majority of the people vote to abolish the republic and set up an empire, who shall hinder them? Shall we, then, go into hysterics in advance? If the people choose to-morrow to establish Mormonism, or human sacrifices, we don't see who could say them nay. Yet our wives and children need not distress themselves quite yet. Before we believe that forty millions of people are going to be false to their traditions and to deny their principles, some evidence must be brought. There must be some facts going to show a change of mind, some obvious signs of a distrust in free institutions, some well-marked indications of a leaning to monarchy or imperialism. Now the fact is, there is nothing of the kind. Probably there never was a time when the general faith in our institutions was as firm as it is now. It would certainly require something more than the re-election of a good magistrate to office to prove its decay. But this ghost of Cæsarism has haunted us throughout our brief history. Mr. Jefferson detected it in Mr. Adams's well-brushed peruke and handsome liveries. Freneau's *Gazette* discovered it distinctly in Hamilton's sonorous periods and foreign reminiscences. It lurked behind Jackson's imperious commands. Poor Jenkins has had several glimpses of it on the beach at Long Branch. Washington, with his sterling common-sense, used to say that there were not ten men worth listening to in all the country who were in favor of monarchy. If Cæsarism was of such minute dimensions then, when the republic was an experiment, what must its proportions be now, when the United States are one of the great powers of the world, and all Europe is trying to build on their model?

A really serious objection to the third term plan is the bias it would give to the President's policy before and during the canvass. It can not be expected of any President that he should be indifferent to the result of a contest in which he is the standard-bearer of his party. In practice the policy of a President, while running for re-election, has been too often shaped in order to win votes rather than serve the best interests of the country. His foreign policy is apt to be more aggressive than it would be after election. Measures of domestic policy are likely to be considered more with a view to their immediate effect upon the minds of the people than in the light of the permanent advantage of the commonwealth. Unpleasant duties are apt to be shirked. Offenses committed by popular men controlling votes are frequently overlooked. Acquiescence in the follies of the hour is often feigned. Few Presidents, pending a canvass, would surrender a Mason and Slidell, or suppress a Fenian outbreak. Some would even go so far as to justify an Ostend manifesto, or the bombardment of Greytown. Hardly any could refuse to reward desertion from the enemy, or extraordinary efforts in the ranks, with office. These objections, it will be noticed, apply with equal force to a second term as to a third. And in practice a President must have extraordinary claims to have a chance of either.

On the other hand, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance to the country of retaining the services of a faithful and experienced magistrate. The United States have not always been fortunate in their chief rulers. They have discovered that Presidential elections, like marriage, are a lottery. They have sometimes drawn rather queer lots therein. In times past, when the country was small and isolated from the rest of the world, these accidents mattered little. Men blushed for the President, and contained their souls in patience till his four years expired. But the progress of events, and our present rank as a first-class power, have changed all this. We can not afford now to have a blunderer or a blusterer in the Chief Magistracy of the republic. It is vital, essentially vital, that the Presidency should be held by a safe man. Small errors and weaknesses we can well overlook and forgive. But we can not afford to make any more experiments—to elect men to the Presidency who may turn out well, but who, for the sake of personal renown, may involve us in foreign wars, or rekindle the dying embers of domestic strife. We can bear with much for the sake of assured peace and safe government. It is hard to say what price we could not afford to pay rather than elect another Buchanan or Johnson.

MR. COLFAX AND OAKES AMES.

In the carnival of slander that attended the last Presidential campaign the honorable reputation of Schuyler Colfax was to be weighed against the fading memory and untrustworthy assertions of Oakes Ames. Against Mr. Colfax the opposition leaders seemed to turn with especial malice. Pure as had ever been his reputation in all the paths of life, eminent as were his services to freedom, they hoped to crush him by idle insinuations, and perhaps to revenge upon him the fall of slavery. The feeble and hesitating charges made against him by Oakes Ames were eagerly repeated, and the people were called upon to believe testimony that was either frivolous or contradictory, and to accept a statement as true that was denied by Colfax, and which had once been denied by his assailant. The heat of the contest has passed away, men's impulses have been softened into common-sense, and the more candid of his opponents have confessed the integrity of Mr. Colfax, and the errors and contradictions of Ames. It is impossible, indeed, to read over the whole testimony of the latter, and observe the varying nature of his statements at different times, without feeling that his once vigorous intellect had become clouded, and that the disease which was so soon to bear him away had perhaps impaired those faculties which in their mature strength carried on to success one of the greatest of modern financial and engineering labors.

It has since happened that two incidents have occurred that tend to show what became of the $1200 check marked S. C. which Ames, in one stage of the controversy, said he had paid to Mr. Colfax. About two months before his death Mr. Ames admitted to General Clinton B. Fisk, of St. Louis, with whom he had long been in close business relationship, that he believed the check was paid to himself, that Dillon, the cashier, was correct in his statement; and he further said that Mr. Colfax had been greatly wronged in the matter. In other words, according to General Fisk's statement, which we are authorized to use, Ames himself was convinced at last that the $1200 check was never seen nor heard of by Mr. Colfax. No one, therefore, can any longer entertain the preposterous charge, when even its author had abandoned it; and the additional testimony of Mr. Drew, who saw Ames draw a $1200 check on the 22d of June and pay the money to a stranger, receives confirmation from the statement of General Fisk. We should scarcely have thought this unfounded accusation deserving of another notice, so wholly unworthy is it of belief, had not these somewhat remarkable incidents tended to throw new light upon the whole transaction. The honor of our public men, too, is dear to the people. Mr. Colfax has been deeply wronged, and we believe the country will rejoice to see his untainted reputation saved from the malice of his enemies, and will do full justice to his eminent public services and the unselfish devotion with which he has given his life to the support of pure republicanism.

It would be pleasant to think, as is confidently believed by some of his friends, that Ames, had he lived, would have publicly stated that he was mistaken in the matter, and that death alone prevented him from repairing the injury he had done. Yet his latest statement will tend to show the little reliance that can be placed upon his earlier ones. His memory had plainly become impaired; and the charges he so confidently made against Wilson, Colfax, Blaine, Garfield, and the other Republican leaders, the chief defenders of freedom, have received a new refutation. His testimony was evidently not trustworthy. He became sensible himself that he had been led into error; and if he was at last convinced that he had done injustice to Mr. Colfax, it is not impossible that he would have been equally ready to withdraw his other statements. He felt, his friends believe, that he had done wrong, that his memory had failed him, and in the latter period of his life showed a desire to make a proper atonement. Such is the conclusion of the career of Oakes Ames, like that of many other men, an ineffective repentance.

PROTESTANT PROGRESS IN EUROPE.

If the progress of Protestantism in Europe were to be estimated only by the disasters that within the past ten years have fallen upon its chief opponent, we need scarcely do more than relate the fall of the papal power. In one of the most brilliant but least truthful of his rhetorical passages Macaulay has painted the invincible strength of the Church of Rome, which should reign over the seven hills when modern empires had passed away, and the New Zealander looked down on the ruins of St. Paul's. The striking picture has often been dwelt upon by the papal advocates, has been transferred to their literature, and perhaps not seldom awakened their declining hopes. Protestantism, said Macaulay, had ceased to advance; Romanism was still firm and progressive. Had he lived a few years longer, he might have written his own refutation. Of the two hundred millions who, twenty years ago, in all parts of the world were supposed to be the obedient followers of the Italian Pope, how many have become the proper subjects of excommunication and papal denunciation, and are only spared from the inopportuneness of the time? All Austria has revolted from the papal rule on the Protestant questions of education and of marriage; Italy, rebellious and defiant, drives the Pope to the Vatican, and plants its public schools in every section of the peninsula; Spain is republican, and wages war upon the Church; France is at least no certain defender, as of old, of the temporal power; Germany threatens ruin to ultramontanism; and through all the ancient strongholds of the papacy convents are broken up, churches remodeled, the Jesuits expelled, and the press and the school set free from the control of the priest. Of the one hundred millions of European Catholics an extraordinary proportion have lapsed into heresy or disobedience, are the enemies of the priesthood and the defenders of modern progress.

The chief trait of Protestant advance in Europe, next to the decay of its oppressors, is its admission into those countries where ten years ago it was rigorously suppressed. The Protestant preacher, for the first time since Loyola roused the fires of persecution in Italy, now exhorts attentive audiences within the walls of Rome itself. He penetrates to Toledo, and prays over the martyrs of the Inquisition. A Protestant synod recently met in France, the first that had been held in three hundred years. Nor is it impossible that Huguenot honesty and simplicity may reform at last its misguided people. American missionaries have reached Hungary and Bohemia, and Austria is no longer closed by cruel legislation to the voice of progress. It was not long ago that Austria imprisoned the convert to Protestantism, Florence tortured heretics, and Rome cherished its Inquisition. These traits of barbarism at least have passed away, and Catholic Europe has been raised to the higher level of Protestant humanity. Of the two bodies the number of Romanists in Europe must have been recently diminished greatly, while that of the Protestants must be held to have increased. In Ireland emigration is rapidly reducing the Romanist population, and tending finally to transfer the control of the island into the hands of the Protestants. In England the Roman Church has increased chiefly from Irish immigration. The most degraded and uncultivated portion of the Irish population seem to migrate to England. They fill Liverpool with crime, Mr. Kay relates, and burden the police courts of London. Yet they are usually good Catholics. And it is from this class that Archbishop Manning is diligently forming a political faction. Among the members of the ruling caste in England and from dreaming Oxford scholars the papacy makes converts. It wins now and then a Bute or a Newman. It sometimes gains large sums of money by death-bed strategy; it obtained recently more than $200,000 by bequest from a Mrs. Weld, while it mercilessly left her mother, aged eighty, in a condition of destitution. It has won the sympathy or the secret adherence of perhaps one-tenth of the clergy of the Established Church. Yet the whole number of Roman Catholics in England is not more than 1,500,000, and it is probable that the Nonconformist denominations are advancing far more rapidly than the prelatical. They claim already, estimated by the number of their church sittings, a majority of the whole population.

But it is not the spiritual but the political power of Rome that is now disturbing the tranquillity of Europe and of America. Of the two factions into which the Papal Church has been divided since the Council of Trent, the more liberal has been apparently wholly suppressed. The Jesuits, who drove their plowshares over Port Royal and crushed the intelligence of Naples and Florence, rule over the Romish Church. Shorn and maimed, it is still endowed with a terrible energy. It is united, pitiless, and desperate. By a sudden stratagem it has seized upon the government of France, and laughs at the rage of the people. Its priests have filled Spain, just rising to a better life, with bloodshed and civil disorders. It threatens rebellion and ruin to Germany. It plots the desolation of Italy. In Ireland it has become the centre of political strife; and feeble as are its apparent resources, its unity and its vigor, its merciless and destructive policy, give to the politicians of the Vatican an extraordinary influence in the affairs of both hemispheres. Yet the press and the public school are its enemies. The press detects its strategy, the public school lays the foundations of purer morals and a purer faith. The one firmly requires the exclusion of religion from politics, the other makes good citizens even of the least cultivated class of Romanists. To silence or to bribe the press, to close the public schools, is the aim of Romanism in Europe and America.

THE COAL MONOPOLY.

The cheapness of food and coal most concerns the comfort of the people; to lower their price must be the aim of every popular government. Yet both with us have become the subjects of monopolies, and are dealt out to the people by the great companies in such quantities as they think will aid them best in paying their dividends. Next winter we are threatened with a dearth of coal, because the companies have resolved that there shall be one. There is no complaint of any deficiency in the supply, of any failure of the mines, or any want of labor, but the coal companies and the railroads combine to stop the production of coal in order to raise the price, and are willing to starve the miner and the consumer to enlarge their own profits. It is of no consequence to them that the poor must suffer or perish, that every honest working family must be pinched and straitened, that manufactures are impeded and commerce checked, so long as their dividends are maintained and their wasteful extravagance supplied. The price of coal has already risen one-third; by December, if the companies choose, it may be doubled. The mines are to be left unworked, the coal retained, and the all-powerful companies' rule unchecked over the helpless people. It has long been their custom to produce these periods of unnecessary dearth; they scarcely seem conscious of the cruelty of their policy, or of the painful consequences of their avarice.

Our supply of coal comes chiefly from a small district in Eastern Pennsylvania, which is almost wholly under the control of a few great companies. Here within the comparatively narrow compass of about five hundred square miles lies the finest and almost the only bed of anthracite in the world. In the beautiful valley of the Wyoming, in the wild and desolate regions of the Schuylkill and the Lehigh, strewn in great basins or sometimes upheaved to the tops of the mountains, the rich stores of coal have been concentrated by nature in an unequaled profusion. The supply is at present boundless. Many of the beds reach to an unknown depth. Some have as yet been only partially explored; and notwithstanding the extraordinary waste practiced in getting out the coal, there seems enough to satisfy for generations the wants of the nation. No one with us, it appears, need suffer from the want of fuel. The gigantic mining companies, which are also often owners of the railways, the Delaware and Lackawanna, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, the Delaware and Hudson, the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, the Reading, and several others, penetrate the rich territory with their innumerable branches, and control the mines and the transportation, and it is well understood that no company or interest that attempts to restrain their monopoly will be suffered to exist among them.

But besides this rich region an endless range of valuable bituminous coal spreads through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, and reaches far down through Western Virginia to the mountains of Northern Alabama. We can supply the world with fuel. The cannel and "block" coals of the Western States are already coming into use. But as yet the vast fields of coal have scarcely been touched, and the Kanawha mines of Western Virginia alone are capable of a limitless production. With such resources we may well wonder why there should ever be a dearth of coal. Why is it that coal which can be bought at the mines for two dollars a ton or less is sold in New York for seven? The cost is plainly trebled in the transportation of a distance of less than two hundred, and sometimes of not more than one hundred miles. A cheap freight railroad running into the coal districts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, or Western Virginia might reduce the price of fuel one-half. It is a reproach to the energy of our people that when coal lies in unprecedented masses all over our wonderful country we are content to be ruled by a few great companies, and suffer all the pains they may choose in their avarice to inflict.

But the future of the coal trade is still more suggestive. Soon the mines of Pennsylvania and the West must supply the fuel of the world. The mines of England, yielding 120,000,000 tons a year, already show signs of exhaustion. Coal has doubled in price in England within three years. English iron manufacturers are turning to the United States as the scene of their future successes. It is rumored in Philadelphia that a prominent English firm engaged in building steamers has resolved to remove with all its capital and labor to the banks of the Delaware. It is not unlikely that Western Virginia and Pennsylvania may soon supply the factories of Europe with fuel, that the great iron-works of the world will follow the line of coal from Pittsburg to the Tennessee; and it seems more than ever the duty of the national government to prevent this great trade from falling into the hands of monopolists. It is the cost of transportation alone that raises the price of fuel. A government railway penetrating the West from New York to Chicago seems the only means of opening to the world the immense masses of coal that lie every where scattered through the inaccessible country. Our export of fuel and the growth of our iron factories depend upon the cheapness of coal. It seems the duty of the national government to provide at least economical transportation; and the best mode of tempting the steam-ship builders from the banks of the Clyde to the Hudson or the Delaware would be to provide a sufficient communication between the mines and the sea. Nor with a government route would the great monopolies ever be able to prey upon the famishing people.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Edinburgh should be satisfied with what the English Parliament have done for him in anticipation of his marriage with the Russian princess. Mr. Gladstone said the marriage was one of affection, and he thought the proper thing would be to vote him $125,000 a year, and $30,000 a year to the princess in case she should survive him. The young people ought certainly to be able to rough it on that paltry figure. There was a little grumbling on the part of three or four radicals, who thought it time that sort of thing should stop. But it went through without trouble.

—Mr. Louis Bagger, formerly managing editor of the Washington *Patriot*, has been appointed vice-consul of Norway and Sweden at Washington. He is a carpet-Bagger, of course, but not without a "Louis."

—The personal accomplishments of the average man of Colorado are thus described by a resident: "Our butcher is a graduate of Yale; one of the gentlemen working in the printing-office is a graduate of Cambridge, and winner of the bishop's medal for proficiency in classics; a ranch-man near by is the son of a general in the British army, and a near relative of George Stephenson, the engineer; four other ranchmen are the four sons of a former Governor of Bengal, who is still very wealthy; and two are sons of an eminent London banker."

—The minor works of the late Mr. Grote, including several unpublished pieces, are soon to be printed; and Mr. Murray promises *A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales*, by the Lady Rose Weigall.

—General Butler, knowing that somebody must in due time become Governor of Massachusetts, United States Senator, and President of the United States, has purchased two lots on Capitol Hill, Washington, upon which he proposes to build a grand mansion for occupancy when at the national capital. The site is convenient for political purposes, being distant but a few rods from the Capitol, quite handy for lunches, and talks that lead to results, and instantly accessible when legislators become weary of debate and require reflection. And then it is a good place for a home generally.

—Mr. Myers, Chinese secretary of the British legation at Pekin, has finished his manuscript dictionary of biographical and historical references, embracing the whole of Chinese literature from the earliest period to the present century.

—The publication of Earl Russell's book has caused occasional allusion to him as the oldest statesman in Europe. He will be eighty-one years old on Monday, August 18; but he is not so old by nearly two and a half years as the Pope, nor so old as Espartero by six months, nor so old as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe by four years, nor so old as Guizot by nearly five years. There have been in past times many older active European statesmen than Earl Russell—as Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, Count Nesselrode, and Prince Metternich.

—Alexander Wust, a member of our National Academy of Design, and an occasional contributor to our artistic department, has the "best picture" at the National Academy of Design in London.

—That was a fine "old" time the Aged Brotherhood Society of Portland had a few days since at their annual meeting, about five hundred being present. After dinner the songs *Portland*, *Mear*, *Majesty*, and *Coronation* were sung by a choir none of whom were less than seventy years old. Among the oldest members present were James Rackleff, aged ninety-four years; Major I. Frye, of Fryeburg, eighty years old; H. S. Feason, eighty-six years; Seth Hilborn, eighty-five years; and John Mussey, eighty-one, who presented the association with $500.

—Dr. Edward Warren, who was the chief medical expert in the great Wharton poisoning case, has been appointed surgeon to the staff of the Khedive of Egypt, with the rank of colonel, and the privilege of practicing his profession in Cairo. His repartee to the Attorney-General, that "lawyers' mistakes sometimes hang six feet in the air," is about the only pleasant thing remembered of that trial.

—In the last English census one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven poets were recorded as residing in London.

—The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, an English archæologist, has been officially deputed to transcribe from the archives of Rome all documents bearing upon early British history.

—Bishop Potter has stated to a friend that liberal subscriptions to the fund for building the new cathedral continue to be received, with such other manifestations of public support as to warrant the expectation that ere many years pass away the great cathedral will be *un fait accompli*. By the terms of its charter the sittings are to be free. Two subscriptions of $100,000 each have been received.

—Mr. Darwin has met with a little rebuff in France, his nomination for membership of the French Academy of Sciences having recently been rejected by a vote of 26 to 6.

—New men are always coming on. Robert Kerr, a young man of Irish extraction, after learning the mason's trade, educated himself, and recently graduated at Dartmouth. His merits having come to the knowledge of Mr. Reid, editor of the *Tribune* (who delivered the oration at the late Commencement of that college), Mr. R. offered him a place on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, and ere long he will be, as they phrase it in newspaper circles, "slinging brevier," if, indeed, he is not already doing so.

—The oldest premier now living is Mr. Bennett, of Newfoundland. He is now eighty-four years old, and the only original member of the Newfoundland Chamber of Commerce now alive. The old gentleman has taken a little run over to England to recuperate a bit, after which, as they say in Georgia, he will "resume the primeval condition of his former rectitude."

—The daughter of Sir Thomas Hardy, who is to become Mrs. Joaquin Miller, is said to be a tall, lovely girl, graceful as calla lily (we haven't that vegetable here), and has written two works. The mother, Lady Hardy, has published several works, though nothing exceptionally grand.

—And now comes the Rev. Benjamin Larrabee, for several years a missionary in Persia, who said at a recent college dinner at Middlebury, Vermont, that the Shah far exceeded in wisdom and ability any account of him which had been published in this country, and that none of the European editors or correspondents had done full justice to his Highness.

—Ex-Governor Pollock loveth his little practical joke. At the alumni dinner of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pennsylvania, he made a speech for Mr. John W. Hallenbeck, one of the college trustees, and said he should charge J. W. Hallenbeck $1000 as a fee for the talk, and pay the same into the college treasury. J. W. Hallenbeck was financially erect on the question, and the $1000 have been handed over.

—Prince Schwarzenberg's estate has been visited by representatives from nearly every country taking part in the Vienna Exposition, the United States being represented by Professors Horsford, Dr. Warder, of Ohio, and by correspondents of several American journals. The estate lies to the northwest of Vienna, in the direction of Prague, and comprises about 75,000 acres, of which 40,000 are woodland, 20,000 are cultivated, 14,000 are covered by water, and the remainder is devoted to farm-yards, streets, etc. The domain has been in the possession of the Schwarzenberg family since 1660, having been formerly the property of the Rosenberg family. The domain reverted to the crown on the death of the last one of the Rosenbergs, in 1611, and was presented to the Count John Adolf zu Schwarzenberg at the time above mentioned. The population of the domain is in the neighborhood of 30,000 people, who inhabit ninety-nine villages, the largest of which, Wittingau, is the residence of the prince. The prince is assisted by the hereditary prince, Adolf Joseph, in the management of the estates, and there is an army of officials, from director of the domain down. Five years' service entitles an official to a pension of one-eighth of his past salary, so that forty years of service bring the pension up to an amount equal to the original annual compensation. The yearly tax paid by the prince reaches the high sum of 150,000 florins, and the entire domain, exclusive of the sugar mills, brings in a yearly product to the value of 6,000,000, or about three per cent. of the capital represented. There is hardly a limit to the variety of substances of food produced on the estates. Fish-culture has been for three hundred years a great specialty. The Rosenberg family, in the end of the fifteenth century, first stocked with fish the largest pond—the *Rosenberger Teich*, it is called to-day—and now the annual production is 224 tons of fish, seven-eighths of which are carp, and one-eighth schill and pike.

—It now passes into the domain of fact and history that the good cook is sure to become very aged. Good victual and vicious life are not compatible. Instance: a man aged one hundred and twenty-seven has just died in Russia; he had been cook to the great Empress Catherine II. The Emperor Nicholas granted him a yearly pension of 700 rubles, which enabled him to keep the pot boiling. He has a little boy aged ninety-eight.

—Gerald Massey, one of the graceful minor poets of England, will be among the literary folk of England who are coming hither in the autumn to tell us what they can for the ordinary lecture-room figure—50 cents to $1 per head. He has had success in England as a lecturer and essayist, and had the great comfort of having a pension conferred upon him by the government of Lord Palmerston in 1863 as "the first poet of our time who has sprung from the people." Mr. Massey is now forty-eight years old. In early youth he was employed in a silk mill, and afterward became a straw-plaiter. At the age of fifteen he went to London, became an errand-boy, and spent some years in trade before he began to get his living by writing. He now resides in a rustic cottage, given him by Lord Brownlow, in one of the most charming parts of his native county of Hertfordshire.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway gives a bit of unwritten history connected with John Bright's entrance into office. When Mr. Gladstone was arranging the cabinet of which Mr. Bright became a member he said to the Queen, "I shall have to call Mr. Bright." The Queen said, "Do not think I have any objection to Mr. Bright. I shall never cease to be grateful to him for his defense of me in a popular meeting." When Gladstone went to Bright the latter said he did not wish to hold office. "But you must," said Gladstone, adding, humorously, "you have got us into this fix, and must see us through with it." He then offered Bright any post he wished to occupy, and the statesman selected the lowest in point of salary—the Board of Trade, with £2000—because, he said, "he knew something about it." When, according to custom, he was taken down to Windsor to be sworn in the Queen's presence, an elegant luncheon had been prepared. While Mr. Bright was at luncheon a page came to say to him that in the ensuing ceremony her Majesty was anxious to dispense with any form which was in any way contrary to his (Mr. Bright's) views or feelings, and that the usual kneeling and kissing her hand might be dispensed with—as it was. When Mr. Bright entered into the presence of the Queen she shook hands with him heartily. The Crown Princess of Prussia was present, and she advanced to Mr. Bright, and told him that she and her mother and sisters and brothers had always remembered with gratitude his defense of her against Mr. Ayrton's criticisms. They then fell into a pleasant conversation, in which Mr. Bright showed more adaptation to some of the complimentary ways of courts than his Quaker habits would lead one to suspect.

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts now consists of Horace Gray, appointed in 1864; John Wells, in 1866; James D. Colt, in 1868; Seth Ames and Marcus Morton, in 1869; and William Endicott, Jun., in 1873. The salary of the Chief Justice is $6500 per year, and of the associates, $6000.

—The Omaha editor has a pleasing way of doing the little compliment to the stranger of distinction visiting that city. Thus: "W. M. Madden, commonly known as 'Fatty, the Great American Traveler,' arrived in the city yesterday, and sampled forty kegs of beer, besides attending the circus, and eating eight straight meals at the Wyoming."

—The last personal gossip about the way of life of Pope Pius IX., who has just entered on the twenty-eighth year of his pontificate, is that his health is so fully restored as to enable him to resume his usual food and exercise. He rises at half past five o'clock, makes his toilet, which includes much shampooing; next follows mass; after which a simple collation of coffee, with four bits of toasted bread: then an ordinary audience; then a short walk in the garden; at noon another audience; at half past one P.M. dinner, as simply served as its dishes are plain: a meat soup of rice and herbs, a bit of *lessò*—that is, the beef or chicken of which the soup is made; then follows a small dish of *fritho o arrosta*—fry or roast—a favorite Italian dish. No Roman dinner is complete without it; it is made of brains, bits of bread, and young cucumbers and carrots sliced into thin strips, all fried crisply, with a rich amber color, in lard. It is not bad after you get used to it. During all this dinner the Pope drinks only half a glass of wine. He was never in his younger days a wine-drinker, and now eschews all nicety about his wine. Some years ago, when he first began to drink wine at dinner, according to medical orders, he observed that every day a fresh bottle was opened for his use. Then he ordered the wine of the country to be served to him, as it could be bought on draught. *Tre Cannelle* was selected, and as he can not drink a whole *mezzo foglietto* (a gobletful), the smallest quantity sold, he has this divided into little flasks, a few drops of olive-oil poured on the wine, a wad of cotton for cork; then it is fresh for a day or two. After dinner his Holiness reposes for three-quarters of an hour in a *poltrone*, or arm-chair. Then he holds another ordinary audience, after which he walks in the garden, in the gallery, or holds private conversations in the Bibliotheca. Ave Maria and prayers are followed by private audiences, at which affairs of the greatest moment are discussed. At half past ten o'clock he takes a soup. This is another excellent Italian custom. A little before midnight his Holiness goes to sleep.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

An accident occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, near Tarrytown, on the 1st inst. A Saratoga train ran in collision with a freight train. The passenger cars were wrecked, and several persons injured.

The seventeenth wife of Brigham Young has commenced suit against him for $200,000, $1000 a month during the trial of the case, and $20,000 counsel fees.

The annual University Convocation of this State commenced at Albany on the 29th ult.

A monument is to be erected in memory of the first settlers of New Hampshire.

The National Dock and Warehouse Company's buildings in Boston, Massachusetts, were destroyed by fire on the 31st ult., involving a loss of $300,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Pope has been pleased to decide that, notwithstanding the charitable objects of the order, the Freemasons are liable to excommunication, like members of any secret society.

In Spain the Carlists claim another victory. The British government has refused to recognize them as belligerents. One hundred and seventy priests have fled into France. Don Carlos has entered Biscay.

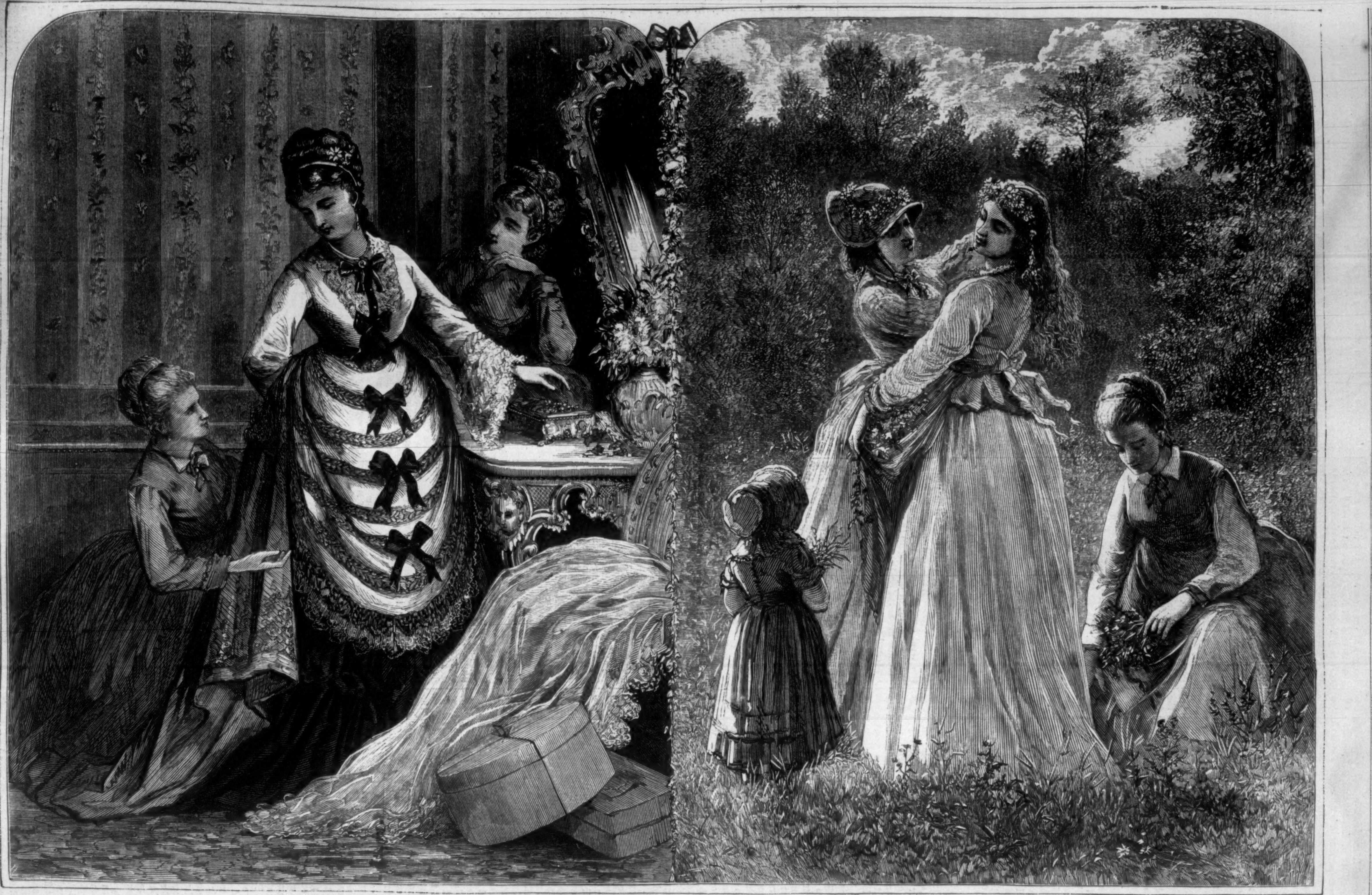
The French National Assembly was prorogued on the 29th ult. by President M'Mahon. The treaties of commerce with England and Belgium were approved.

The German government proposes an international congress of maritime powers to determine the status of Spanish insurgent vessels.

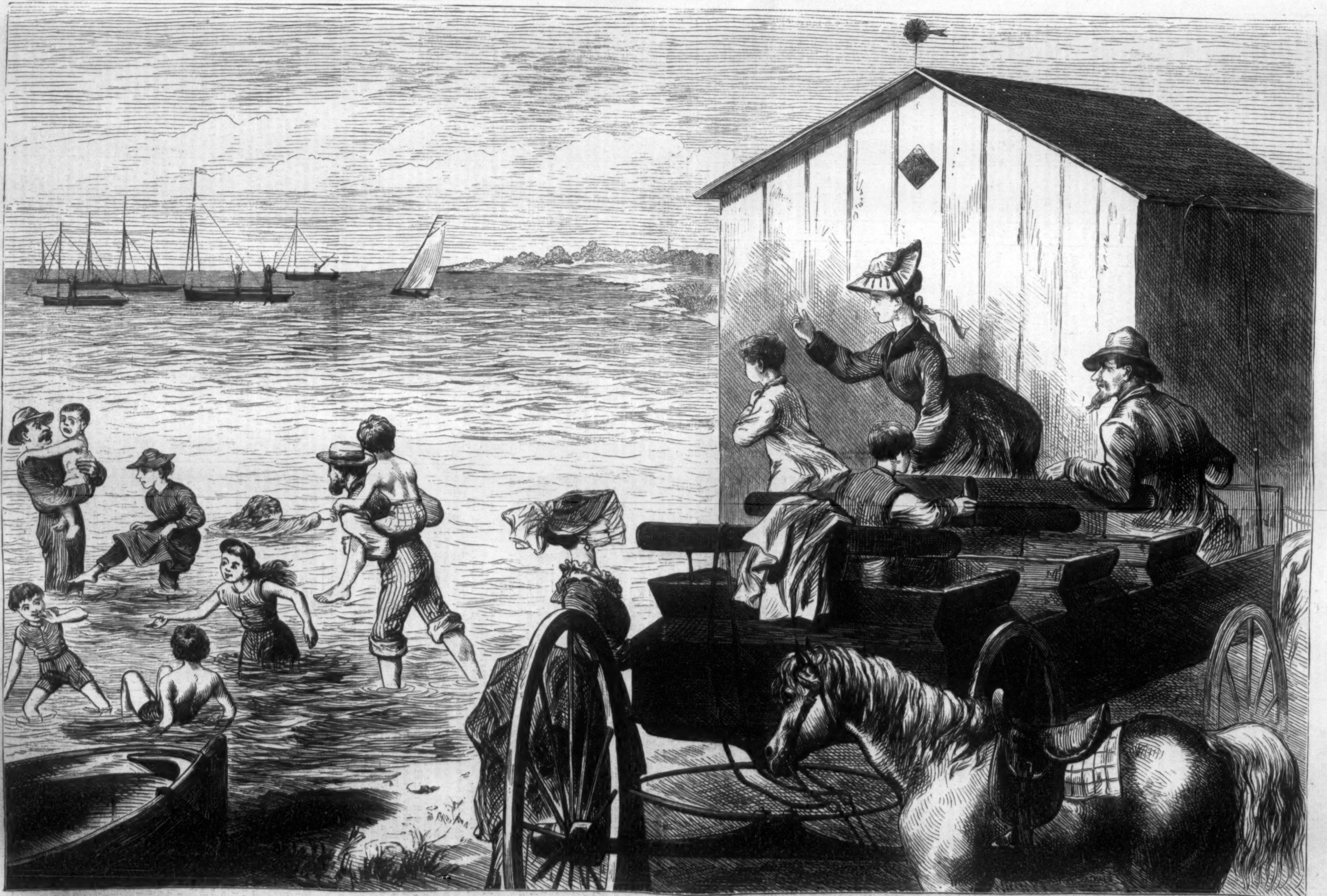
Prince Bismarck has granted the Good Templars permission to establish their lodges in Prussia.

The English postal authorities have rejected the offer made by the United States for the exchange of postal cards with the addition of one cent postage.

Valparaiso, Chili, was on the 8th ult. visited by a severe earthquake, which did great damage to houses and churches, and destroyed several lives. A fire broke out in the ruins, but was prevented from spreading. The shock was less severely felt in other towns in Chili.



TOWN AND COUNTRY.—[Drawn by Jules Tavernier.]



GIVING THE CHICKS A DIP.—From a Sketch by Thomas Worth.—[See Page 718.]

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

Go, time and tide, go as you will—
I can not heed your ways.
What care I for summer glow,
What care I for ice and snow,
When love doth fill my days?

Unto its ark through wind and rain
My heart flies as the dove;
Oh, rosy is the darkened day
And rosy is the stormy way
That lead me to my love.

How can I care if leaves be green
Or gray with early rime?
Love, ruling, reigning in the soul,
With pure and passionate control,
Makes its own summer-time!

GIVING THE CHICKS A DIP.

The incident which suggested the sketch from which our illustration on page 717 is engraved was witnessed by our artist on the pleasant beach at Fire Island, a spot familiar to many of our readers; but there are many places along the coast of Long Island where similar scenes may be witnessed every pleasant day throughout the bathing season. Several of these beaches lie within easy distance of New York city, and may be reached by a charming sail down the bay, or by means of the horse railroads from Brooklyn. It is a pity and a shame that one of the best and most easily accessible of these sea-side resorts, the Coney Island beach, should be so infested by roughs that at only two or three localities on its long line of coast respectable people are absolutely free from the danger of insult and even violence. Few beaches present equal advantages for bathing. The water deepens gradually, the surf is rarely too high for safety, and there are no dangerous places in the smooth sandy bottom where an inexpert swimmer would unexpectedly find himself beyond his depth. The whole beach should be under such police surveillance that respectable people could go there free from the danger of insult.

We have not yet introduced in this country, and it is to be hoped we never shall do so, the system of wagon bathing sheds which form so prominent a feature of English sea-side resorts, and which have furnished *Punch* with so many humorous subjects for illustration. Children detest them, and the bathing women are their special aversion. No wonder they kick and scream and make all manner of resistance. Just imagine yourself for a moment lifted out of a tottering, groaning shed on wheels by a person many times your size, perhaps a stranger, and plunged into water twice your own depth (quite irrespective of taking your breath), and say whether, with all your powers of assurance, you wouldn't feel the process a little risky, or at least unpleasant. And yet a little child is wondered at, or perhaps scolded or whacked, if it shudders and recoils when plunged overhead out of a machine by a big bathing woman! It is marvelous that any advantage is expected from a process involving so much agitation and terror. This sort of cruelty is never met with out of England. At our own beaches and those of France the children run about barefooted all day long on the sands during the hot summer weather, with trowsers and skirts tucked up as high as they will go, to the great saving of boots and shoes. They soon familiarize themselves with the sea, learn to swim, and thoroughly enjoy paddling about in the surf.

THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA.

Love and romance are not usually reckoned to have much to do with marriages that are made in courts. Princes and princesses are somewhat circumscribed in their choice of spouses, and from infancy know well the exact number of *partis* that are eligible for them. Other consents than even papa's and mamma's have also to be obtained to a princely union. *La haute politique* has to be carefully studied, and the sympathies and prejudices of millions consulted, before a match can be arranged; while frequently, from the turn these sympathies and prejudices take, both prince and princess must give up their own ideal of a better half, and marry somebody they personally may not care a pin about, so that the "public weal" may benefit by an advantageous alliance.

There are, however, some brilliant exceptions to this rule. The marriage of the present Emperor of Austria was a genuine love-match, as is also the betrothal of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna of Russia, whose portrait is given on page 724. The Duke is said to have made the Duchess's acquaintance while, when yet a middy, he was on a visit to St. Petersburg; to have fallen in love with her then and there, and always to have entertained the idea of their marriage. In the spring of the present year the Duke visited the Grand Duchess and her mother at Sorrento, and from that time negotiations have been busily conducted for the union, which, after some few difficulties, have been most satisfactorily concluded. The Duke will probably live part of the year in England and part in Russia. The Princess will retain her own religion—namely, that of the Greek Church—but the children will be brought up as Protestants. We have already remarked on the amiable character and charming appearance of the Grand Duchess Marie; but we may repeat that while in Italy she won the hearts of every one by her sweetness and good nature, being described as eminently *simpatica*. She is now in her twentieth year, having been born on October 17, 1853. Her dowry is said to be £200,000, and a yearly portion of £20,000.

Although the marriage, as we have said, is one of affection on both sides, it is also the most brilliant, politically speaking, that either could have made. The Duke of Edinburgh, now bordering on thirty years of age, has long been the most eligible *parti* in the court circles of Europe, while the Grand Duchess is the only daughter of one of the most powerful emperors in the world. The political aspect of the match we need not here discuss; but we may remark that on the Continent this alliance between the hitherto antagonistic houses of Guelph and Romanoff will be considered one of the greatest political events of the age.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The revival of Romanism of the ultramontane type still goes on in France with accelerating rapidity. It will lead most likely to a restoration of the monarchy. Even the *Constitutionnel* becomes pious, and asks, "What better symbol could France adopt than the sacred Host, which comforts and regenerates?" Hatred of Germany is the explanation of it all. The Paris correspondent of the London *Guardian* very skillfully lays bare the inner impulse at work in the minds of all Frenchmen: "To increase the difficulties of the German government in its conflict with Rome by siding with the latter, and especially with that portion of the German population which is opposed to the policy of its own government, is the irresistible, the irrepressible instinct of all parties in France, both religious and political, Catholic and Protestant, from the extreme Right to the extreme Left. Every other consideration gives way before the national feeling. The most extreme ultra-radicals are as ready and eager to 'go in' for the Pope on this basis as the most ardent Catholics and Legitimists. 'I would profess the most absolute faith in infallibility,' said one of the former to myself the other day, 'if I thought that thereby I could in any way aid to restore France to her position.' Such feelings are almost universal, and the conjunction of circumstances is certainly most unfortunate."

This combination of France and the Papacy is destined to lead to important political results.

In reply to the several addresses made to him on the subject of religious liberty in Persia, the Shah declares that "toleration is already universal in Persia; no one, whether Christian, Jew, or Parsee, being subjected to persecution or ill treatment on account of his religion." He especially promises the Jews and Parsees that no injustice or undue severity shall be shown to their co-religionists. There appears to be a disagreement between the Shah and his petitioners on a question of fact.

It is reported that the Catholics of New York purpose establishing a daily paper.

The Lutheran Church in the United States will greatly feel the loss of the Rev. Dr. S. S. Schmucker, who died, July 26, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Dr. Schmucker was born at Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1799. In 1826 he was elected Professor of Theology and president of the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran Church at Gettysburg. This position he held until 1864—a period of thirty-eight years. He was a prolific writer. For some time past he had labored to promote a union of the Protestant Churches of the United States by means of a federal congress. A convention for this end had been called to assemble in New York in October next. Dr. Schmucker was a man of catholic, loving spirit, and was highly esteemed in his own and other Churches.

The growth of Romanism in the Establishment has at last driven English Protestants to act together for common defense. An important conference of Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Non-conformists was held in London on July 9, to consider some plan of united action. Lord Shaftesbury presided. The Scotch Free Church was represented by Donald Fraser, the Wesleyans by the Rev. William Arthur. The first resolution adopted declared that "Non-conformists as well as Churchmen have a right to insist that the Church of England, while it exists as an establishment, shall exist only as a Protestant institution;" the second, that "a wise and judicious revision of the formularies of the Church of England as fixed by the Acts of Uniformity is chiefly needed in order to take away the alleged support which ritualism finds in those formularies, and to promote more friendly relations with those non-episcopal bodies which accept the great leading doctrines of the Protestant Reformation." A plan of action was agreed upon, and a joint committee appointed.

The General Assembly's proposal of a reunion of Northern and Southern Presbyterianism is not well received by the Southern Presbyterian press. The *Christian Observer*, *Southern Presbyterian*, *Memphis Presbyterian*, *Central Presbyterian*, *North Carolina Presbyterian*, and *Southwestern Presbyterian*, in recent articles, have made strong objections to the scheme. Their unanimous opinion is that it is best for the two bodies "to live and work apart."

The Bishop of Lincoln (English Established Church) has addressed a pastoral letter to the Wesleyan Methodists on the sin of schism. The occasion of the pastoral was singular. The rector of a parish in the diocese of Lincoln had found a tombstone in his church-yard on which was the following inscription: "In memory of ——, a happy laborer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church." The concession on the stone that the Wesleyan Methodists constituted a Church appeared to him so improper that he inquired of the bishop whether its removal should not be ordered. The prelate discouraged such violence, but advised the rector to preach on the sin of schism, and followed his own advice by publishing an address to the Wesleyans. Of this remarkable document the London *Daily News* says: "We are entirely at a loss to imagine what possible good the bishop expects to follow from his pastoral. He can not hope that the Wesleyan ministers of his diocese will flock to him for his episcopal blessing, lest they should meet the fate of Korah or die the death of Moses." The bishop tells one very remarkable fact. When, in 1869, he visited Epworth, the parish in which John Wesley was born, he found that there had been no confirmation there since 1686. The statement is almost incredible.

The East India correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* admits that the Christian missionaries who have occupied that field have taken up "the gage of battle regarding their alleged want of results, and *have proved their case in a quite unexpected manner*." This is much for any contributor to the *Pall Mall* (the attitude of which toward missions is wholly secular) to concede. The results of missions in India, as ascertained from carefully compiled statistics, are these: "Between 1861 and 1871 the number of Christians has more than doubled in Bengal, while the communicants have increased nearly three-fold. In Central India the native Church has multiplied by nearly 400 per cent., in Oude by 175 per cent.; in the Northwestern Provinces it has nearly doubled; in the Punjab and Bombay it has increased by sixty-four per cent.; and the total increase for all India is sixty-one per cent. The increase during the previous ten years, from 1851 to 1861, was only fifty-three per cent. The missionaries calculate that, assuming a uniform increase of sixty-one per cent. for each ten years, the number of native Protestant Christians in India will amount in 1950 to 11,000,000, and in A.D. 2001 to 130,000,000. They have established, in a startling and unexpected manner, that Christianity is a really living faith among the natives of India, and that it is spreading at a rate which was altogether unsuspected by the general public."

Some of the questions discussed at the recent annual meeting of the Tunkers in Pennsylvania show a very earnest though not wisely directed anxiety to keep clear of conformity to the world. One was, "Is it according to the Gospel to subscribe for railroad stock?" Another, "Is it sinful for a ministering brother to occupy a stand elevated above the level of the surrounding space occupied by the assembly for reading the Scriptures, praying, or preaching?" Another question related to the owning and use of musical instruments.

These simple people are not Pharisees, but are noted for their integrity in business. Some questions with regard to railroad stock might be discussed in other religious assemblies with no little advantage.

A touching incident is related of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, the father of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn. On the first Sunday of July the sixty-first anniversary of his settlement over the Congregational Church of Braintree, Massachusetts, was celebrated. "As the venerable pastor moved with feeble steps up the long aisle, he was greeted with *Auld Lang Syne* on the organ. Overcome by the touching reception, the old man threw himself on the sofa and wept like a child. Of all that were present at his settlement, July 3, 1811, no one remained to see the present anniversary."

According to the statistics contained in the pamphlet published by Professor Von Schulte, monastic establishments and "the religious" must swarm in the Catholic provinces of Prussia. There are, he says, 900 regular monastic institutions in Prussia, and about 6000 monks and nuns. Nine-tenths of these institutions have been founded since 1849. They are mostly in Rhineland and Westphalia. "If we take, for example, the four Rhenish-Westphalian dioceses of Cologne, Trier, Münster, and Paderborn, we obtain the following facts: There is a gross population of three millions and a half, and there are over 4800 secular priests, 300 priests of the orders, 400 monks not priests, and about 4000 nuns. Reckoning the average of the four dioceses, there is one priest or monk to every 332 male Catholics, or to every 166 male Catholics over twenty years old, and one nun or sister to every 210 grown women. Taking away those who are under twenty years of age, we arrive at the climax, that in Münster every twentieth Catholic, and in Paderborn every tenth, is a 'spiritual person.'"

The *Religious Herald* (Baptist, Richmond, Virginia) protests very effectively against the ostracism inflicted upon Northern Christians who visit or settle in the South. It says well: "This social ostracism, if it exist, and so far as it does exist, should be abandoned, from *expediency*, if from no higher motive. Nothing is gained by it. Since the war we have appealed to our Northern brethren for aid in our impoverishment in supporting ministers, building churches, endowing colleges, and almost every good work; and the appeals have been responded to with liberality and without upbraiding. They have ministered to our wants, bodily and intellectual; and their generous benefactions have in no case that we are aware of been refused. It would be inconsistent—a shame, we may say—for any who have asked for this aid, or shared in it, to treat with neglect, not to say with scorn, those of them who come among us for legitimate purposes, and demean themselves as becomes the Gospel of Christ."

The more this better spirit prevails the better for the churches and for our common country.

It was an interesting occasion when, at Honolulu, on April 11, the completion of the translation of the New Testament into the language of the Gilbert Islanders was celebrated. Gilbert Islands are a part of the Micronesian group. The mission was begun in November, 1857, by Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, who have continued on the islands ever since. At the time of their settlement the language was unwritten, and the islanders were in the lowest condition of barbarism. This version has been published by the American Bible Society.

The King of the Sandwich Islands was present at the festival. He gave his arm to the venerable Mrs. Thurston, of whom Mr. Nordhoff gives a pleasant account in *Harper's Monthly*, and escorted her to the table, on which a generous collation was spread. Mr. Bingham entertained the company with a detailed account of his labors as a translator.

The *Jewish Chronicle*, of London, suggests that it might be practicable to found a State in our Union composed wholly of Jews. Its language is noteworthy: "We have even anticipated the possibility of a wholesale importation of Jews from those countries in which they can not earn a subsistence, and in which they are oppressed, either by law or by circumstances, either by government or by popular bigotry, to those vast tracts of territory where nature is bountiful, where freedom is secure, and where nothing is wanted but an industrious population. Although the idea of Judge Noah, who promoted the establishment of a Jewish colony in America many years ago, was not practically successful, still we think that, under suitable organization and judicious management, there might be formed a State in which Jews might establish themselves with advantage to their own interests and to the country at large."

The inclination of the Jews in the United States is not to live apart from, but in constant association with, their Christian fellow-citizens.

The *National Baptist* finds from the denominational *Year-Book* that there ~~are in~~ the United States 19,720 Baptist churches, and only 11,892 ordained Baptist ministers, making 7828 "more pulpits than there are ministers to supply them." There are only five States—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island—in which there are more ordained Baptist ministers than churches. The greatest deficiencies are in the South.

The Presbyterian missions among the Sioux Indians on the Yankton and other reservations, which have grown out of President Grant's peace policy, have met with much success. The missionaries report that nine churches are now organized at various points on the Sioux reservations. These contain about seven hundred and fifty members. The greater part of the Old Testament and the entire New Testament have been translated and printed in the language of the people. Some school-books and several religious works have also been prepared for them. A religious paper—*Iabi Oaye* (the Word-Carrier)—is published monthly.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Yellow Stone expedition, to which allusion has been made in our columns, has now got fairly under way, and has commenced to traverse the comparatively unknown region between the Missouri and the Yellow Stone. It will be remembered that the prime object of the expedition is to furnish an escort to the parties engaged in the survey and construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the warlike attitude of the Indians and their great numbers making it necessary to organize a force of about two thousand men. In view of the large amount of transportation that would be available for moving specimens, the Secretary of War appointed a number of scientific gentlemen to accompany the expedition, to make such explorations as were possible under the circumstances, and for this purpose commissioned Mr. J. A. Allen as naturalist and zoologist, Mr. C. W. Bennett as assistant naturalist, Dr. L. R. Nettre as geologist and mineralogist, Mr. Edward Konopicky as artist, and Mr. Pywell as photographer, the *Tribune* reporter, Mr. S. J. Barrows, serving as volunteer botanist.

The expedition is actually composed of ten companies of cavalry, in command of Colonel Custer, Seventh Cavalry; a battalion of four companies of the Seventeenth Infantry, under command of Major Crofton; a battalion of five companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, under command of Captain J. C. Dickey; and a battalion of the Eighth and Ninth Infantry, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Bradley, of the Ninth Infantry. All are under command of Colonel D. S. Stanley, of the Twenty-second Infantry, with the following staff—namely, H. H. Ketchum, Adjutant Twenty-second Infantry, acting Assistant Adjutant-General; P. H. Ray, Second Lieutenant Eighth Infantry, Chief Commissary of the expedition; Captain Edward Baker, Assistant Quartermaster United States Army, chief quartermaster; Assistant Surgeon J. P. Kimball, chief medical officer; Lieutenant James H. Jones, acting aid-de-camp. The total force of the expedition is about 1900 men, with 250 wagons.

The expedition left Fort Rice provided with sixty days' subsistence and forage. Three steamers with supplies were dispatched by the Missouri and Yellow Stone to the mouth of Powder River, where the expedition will meet them, one of them to be used for ferrying the command and supplies. Thirty Indian scouts and eight half-breeds were mustered as guides, and other scouts accompany the expedition. Skilled hunters have been detailed for securing game, and thereby contributing to the subsistence department.

The surveying party of the Northern Pacific Railroad is composed of General Thomas L. Rosser, chief engineer; A. O. Eckelson, first assistant; Montgomery Meigs, chief of the transit party; H. W. Reed, assistant; T. Winston and H. Stevens, level party; topographer, A. O. Donnah; assistant, A. L. Berry. It is hoped that a final location will be made during the present season from the Missouri River to the mouth of Glendive Creek, and that the survey will be continued some distance up the Yellow Stone and Fire rivers, and if possible across the "divide" between the Yellow Stone and the Missouri rivers to the Mussel Shell River.

The scientific party has especially been placed in charge of Major H. M. Lazelle, of the Eighth Infantry, and as this gentleman is a naturalist of no slight reputation, it is presumed that he will see that every thing possible is done in behalf of his charge and of their interests.

The labors of the United States Fish Commissioner in stocking the Western waters with shad have been continued with unintermitted diligence during the month of June, with very gratifying success, large numbers having been transferred to the Green River, the New River, the Monongahela, and various tributaries of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, as well as to a number of localities in the Mississippi Valley. Similar transfers have been made to the waters of Lake Champlain, and a liberal supply to the State of Maine.

The experiment first initiated by Mr. Green of carrying shad to California, has been repeated by the United States Commissioner with signal success—Mr. Stone, assisted as far as Omaha by Mr. H. M. Welsher, of Seth Green's party, having introduced 5000 into one of the tributaries of Great Salt Lake, and 35,000 into the Sacramento, the latter feat being accomplished on the 3d of July. Indeed, so thoroughly is the business now understood that Mr. J. W. Milner, Deputy Commissioner, and Mr. J. Mason, of Seth Green's force, carry many thousand young fish for several days together almost absolutely without loss. Their latest success in this line was the transfer of 100,000 shad from Hadley Falls, Connecticut, to the Mattawamkeag, in Maine. From experiments made by them on the journey in the use of salt-water on a few of their fish they are of opinion that they will live in it; and if so, that there need be no difficulty in transferring American shad to European waters.

The *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office gives the following items for the week ending July 30: Three areas of low barometer, with attending storms, have passed eastward from Dakota and Minnesota over the lakes into Canada. Local thunder-storms appear to have been specially abundant on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts, and over Lakes Erie and Ontario. The heaviest rain-fall is recorded at Buffalo; those at Galveston and at Mobile were only slightly less. The Red and Missouri rivers are reported to have fallen during the week; the Mississippi has fallen from one to five feet throughout its course. The Ohio has generally fallen, but has experienced rapid changes in the upper part of its course.

By the Smithsonian system of international scientific telegrams, we are informed that "a fine comet was discovered at Marseilles on the night of the 27th of July by Borelly: its right ascension was one hour and fourteen minutes; declination south, seven degrees and thirty-two minutes; motion, southeast."

The Society of Biblical Archæology has lately undertaken to publish a series of translations of all the important Assyrian and Egyptian texts which exist in the various collections of England and the Continent, thus presenting in the English tongue the remains of the oldest and most authentic literature in the world. *Nature* remarks that nearly all the principal translators have offered their services for this purpose, and while each author will be alone responsible for his portion of the work, the general arrangement of the materials will rest with the president of the society.

The selection of records will embrace the entire range of Egyptian and Assyrian history and literature. The first volume is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Bagster & Sons.

The introduction of the grayling (*Thymallus vulgaris*) as an ornamental fish has lately been warmly recommended in England, the beauty of its markings and its graceful movements rendering it especially valuable for large aquaria, fish-ponds, etc. Differing from the trout and other species of the salmon family, it is always in motion, and does not seem to feel the same necessity for concealment, being generally in view and in a condition of continual restlessness. There are several distinctly marked species of grayling in North America, one of which has lately excited considerable interest in the sporting and scientific journals from its occurrence in Northern Michigan. Specimens collected by Mr. Fitzhugh near Saginaw have been presented by him to the National Museum at Washington and the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and have been tested at the restaurants in New York, and proved to possess excellent eatable qualities. The same species also occurs at the head waters of the Yellow Stone, and elsewhere through the Rocky Mountains. A still better known kind is found in the Mackenzie, the Yukon, and other Northwestern waters.

The friends of Sir Samuel Baker, and those interested in African exploration, were much pleased to hear of his arrival at Khartoom, on the 29th of May, after a successful mission. It will be remembered that he started in 1869 in command of an expedition to Central Africa, under the auspices of the Khedive of Egypt, who placed at his disposal a force of 1500 picked Egyptian troops. Many rumors of his movements since then have been received and circulated, some of them to the effect that he and his party had been destroyed by the hostile natives. Although suffering very great hardships, and losing a large portion of his command, it would seem that Sir Samuel has safely passed through his perils, and had arrived at Khartoom on his way to Cairo. He reports by telegraph to the British government that the country as far south as the equator has been annexed to Egypt; that the slave-trade has been suppressed, and all rebellious movements and secret intrigues checked; that the country is orderly, and its government perfectly organized; and that a road has been opened to Zanzibar free from interruption.

According to the telegraphic accounts, Sir Samuel has also succeeded in organizing distinct governments, appointing superintendents, and making Fatico the chief station, Gondokoro being next in importance. He has also established eight other principal posts, forming a connected chain from Nubia to Nyanza, and has obtained one thousand additional troops to complete the garrisoning of the communication. It is also stated that he reports the lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza to be one and the same water, forming a magnificent inland sea seven hundred miles in length, and that vessels can be launched above Murchison Falls and sail to Ujiji. This, however, in view of the alleged determination of a very material difference in elevation between the two bodies of water mentioned, would seem to require further verification and explanation.

According to the Boston *Journal of Commerce*, a new enterprise has been initiated on the coast of Massachusetts, from which important results are confidently hoped by the projector. This has reference to the propagation of lobsters, which are believed to be rapidly diminishing in number on the New England coast, as they certainly have in average size. Although several States impose severe penalties upon parties who may capture or offer for sale spawning lobsters, yet the law is practically a dead letter.

In the experiment referred to it is said that an arm of the sea, with a deep channel in the centre, has been dammed up so as to flood about thirty acres, an archway being left in the dike to permit a proper ebb and flow of the tide. The passage-way being narrow, the amount of water that runs out in a tide does not very materially affect the interior pond; but the exchange of water is just enough to keep the whole pure.

In July and August of 1872 it is said that 40,000 lobsters of different ages were placed in the pond, and food, in the shape of refuse fish from the market, supplied to them. In the ensuing winter it was ascertained that good, sizable, hard-shell lobsters were abundant in the pond, and some 15,000 males were taken out and sold at good prices. The females, when captured, were all duly returned to the water.

The experiment continues to be successful the present year, and it is said that the water swarms with young lobsters, and that there is every prospect of a very great increase. Nothing is mentioned of the precise locality of this experiment, but if the story be genuine, there would seem to be nothing to prevent a successful result from similar enterprises elsewhere. One difficulty to be anticipated will be from the voracity of the lobsters in destroying each other; and it is by no means certain that, when a certain average to the cubic yard is reached, a mutual destruction will not take place, such as prevents the economical rearing of spiders for their silk, consequent upon their destructiveness when confined together.

Professor M'Coy, of the University of Melbourne, announces the discovery near Melbourne, in April, 1872, of quite a large number of specimens of an American butterfly, the *Danais archippus*. He had previously received specimens from Lord Howe's Island, on the northeast coast of Australia, and from the Clarence River, in New South Wales; and on the present occasion they were detected at numerous points within fourteen miles of each other. The fact is an extremely interesting one, as there seems to be no reason to consider the species as a permanent inhabitant of Australia, and it was suggested that they may have been brought there by some atmospheric current.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Toward evening, when the fierce midsummer sun is sinking in the west, an observer passing through the respectable streets of New York and Brooklyn will be surprised to notice how many of the better class of citizens are yet in town. Houses that all day long have seemed deserted, and shown only closed shutters, begin to manifest signs of comfortable life. Piazzas, stoops, and door-steps are transformed into temporary parlors, where people talk, laugh, sing, and have a good time in a quiet, informal way, without the aid of gas-light, refreshment-tables, or evening dress. To the looker-on they really seem to enjoy themselves. Perhaps they *may* be longing for Saratoga, Newport, or Long Branch, but apparently they are quite contented and altogether comfortable. A certain freedom from conventional rules is sanctioned by custom among those who abide in the city during the summer months, and gives both rest and change. By common consent formal calls and visiting are suspended; ladies may wear their loose, cool wrappers, and gentlemen their linen coats, all day long, and no one will criticise them; neighbors who have lived next door to each other for a year without the slightest acquaintance begin to speak to one another in the freedom engendered by the evening gatherings outside the brick walls of houses. While vast numbers leave the city, and enjoy themselves or are miserable, according to circumstances, at sea-shore and mountain resorts, those who have comfortable houses, and stay at home in them, are by no means without the consolations needful for the season. It is a common feeling that August is unendurable in the city, that every one who can must go away for that month at least. The natural consequence is that no month is so crowded and uncomfortable at all popular resorts as August. The small, close room into which the guest is packed at summer hotels is an aggravating contrast to the roomy apartments which are left vacant at home. The little wash-stand and small pitcher of water, the hard, springless bed, and the one wooden chair make us long for the abundant Croton or Ridgewood, and for the comfortable surroundings of our own dwellings. In short, setting aside the demands of fashion, September really offers more attractions to those seeking restful change away from the city, if ordinary good health will allow of spending the sultry dog-days in quiet, semi-laziness within moderately airy dwellings, even though in New York. August is not an invigorating season any where, but there are worse places in which to spend it than in a good city home.

A recent communication from the Post-office Department in Washington to the Postmaster of New York city gives the information that any writing whatever upon the face of a postal card except the necessary address subjects the card to full letter postage. This, probably, has not been generally understood. The demand for postal cards is enormous, and these little missives are very convenient for many business purposes where only a brief communication is necessary. Of course all people of good taste will continue to inclose personal matters in envelopes.

Close by the Battery, midway between State and Whitehall streets, there is a paved street which runs from the rear of the houses that front on Bowling Green toward Broadway. The entrance to it from Broadway was closed, it is said, by a house which was erected when Broadway was widened. It is stated that this street, which is still nominally a public thoroughfare, has not been cleaned for five years, and is used as a receptacle for filth and garbage.

Greenwood Lake is a picturesque sheet of water, some ten miles long, among the hills of Northern New Jersey, but lying partly in the State of New York. For fifty years there has been a hotel at one end of the lake; but more recently the lake has become popularly known as an attractive summer resort. The charming valley on one side and the varied mountain scenery combine to make the views delightful. The air is pure, and boating on the lake is the favorite recreation. There is also a small steamboat on the lake. Greenwood Lake is within easy distance of New York.

The Life and Adventures of Bockley Nickleheep purports to be the title of a new novel by Charles Dickens, which the renowned author from another world dictates to a spiritual medium. This remarkable work is not yet completed, for the "medium" is very busy writing the second volume of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which Dickens, dying, left unfinished. We say "writing," but report says that the "medium" is merely the unconscious amanuensis of Dickens. Surely there are greater mysteries than that of *Edwin Drood!* It is rumored that there are eighteen chapters of this "second volume" completed, and the following is a specimen of the captions:

Chapter I. What the Organ said.
Chapter II. A Light breaks on Staple Inn.
Chapter III. Mr. Jasper keeps his Appointment.
Chapter IV. Beginning to forge the Chain.
Chapter V. The Reader is conveyed to Bilickin Harbor and meets an old Acquaintance.
Chapter VI. A Recognition and a Meeting.
Chapter VII. Another Night with Durdles.
Chapter VIII. Fopperty's Mission and a sudden Disappearance.
Chapter IX. Opens the Door for Mr. Brobity.
Chapter X. Introduces Joe Sloggers, and relates how Jasper visits the Puffet's House, and what occurs there.
Chapter XI. Treats of various Subjects, and the better to carry the preceding Chapter to a successful Termination, introduces the Reader to Mr. Peter Peckcraft.

The showmen at Niagara Falls have become quite roused up by the attacks made upon them for shutting off Niagara from the public view. Of course there are always two sides to a question, and this is the showmen's side. They say that the public once owned the property which is fenced in, and then they had the right to use it; but now that right has been relinquished for value received, and has passed into private hands. The show, they argue, is a cheap one. To go on Goat Island costs fifty cents for each person, which gives the right to see the show for one day, or for $1 the right for 365 days, and the show consists of the American Fall, the Horseshoe Fall, the American Rapids, the Canada Rapids, and also a walk upon and around Lunar Island and the Three Sisters. This show gives all there is of Niagara Falls. The park is a side show, and for that twenty cents are charged for each person. There one gets a front view of the Horseshoe Fall, and a side view of the American Fall. It is not proposed to add to or take from the beauty or grandeur of the Falls by improvements made upon the land, but to facilitate the comfort and convenience of getting about the Falls, and to protect persons from falling over the bank. In view of this argument the "public" are to blame for relinquishing the right to have the grand Falls a free sight for all.

One who seems to know writes from the Adirondacks that a two weeks' trip to the Wilderness will cost, from New York and back again, from $100 to $125, including guides, provisions, and every thing. The general directions given by this traveler are to take a carpet-bag with a change suit of old clothes of strong woolen, also one of under-clothes, an extra pair of strong boots, a soft hat, a négligé shirt, an overcoat, a trout rod strapped to a good breech-loading rifle, and an India rubber blanket. Pack up some pins, needles, buttons, silk, comb, compass, and a small flask of the best brandy. They go in a small space, and will be often needed. Carry nothing cumbersome that you can do without; the smaller the pack the better, as in the "carries" it is often transported on the back of the guide. Your fashionable suit is left at the hotel, together with watch and money, reserving enough to pay for "carries," and expenses at the hotels on your route.

Chemistry now undertakes to supply smokers with meerschaum pipes made out of potatoes. The directions for manufacturing them are that the potatoes must be "peeled, soaked for about thirty-six hours in water to which eight per cent. of sulphuric acid has been added, dried in hot sand for several days on plates of chalk or plaster of Paris, and compressed at the same time. They can then be carved, and will be an excellent imitation of meerschaum."

The great baby show in San Francisco has brought to light a numerous collection of what a malicious newspaper calls "assorted angels." Prizes are to be awarded for various points of excellence. The sweetest smilers and the loudest criers will rank high in the estimation of the judges.

The following moral, which we see appended to a "fish story," is for fishers proper, and also for teachers and Sunday-school superintendents, as well as missionaries generally:

1. You can't catch a fish with a bare hook. You must have something for the children.
2. Don't hitch on too big a sinker. Overmuch "application" will bury every thing out of sight.
3. Use the little fish to catch the big ones. The children first and then the parents into the Sunday-school and church.

A Boston paper says that some twenty-five thousand residents of that city are absent, and yet we are told that sea-shore resorts are not full and mountain houses are not crowded!

Asparagus is not a bad medicine; and an English journal says that it is a specific for rheumatism and gout. It is worth while trying it; if not good as medicine, it can serve as food.

The disease of leprosy has assumed such an alarming aspect in the Sandwich Islands that the Hawaiian Evangelical Association has taken the subject into serious consideration, and adopted resolutions advocating the separation of lepers from the rest of the community with the utmost strictness.

The cocoa-nut palm is one of the most useful of all trees. We see the nut in the markets, and know that there is a refreshing drink within the shell, and the pulp and soft crust, which are considered so delicate, and are used in the preparation of so many dishes. When in its maturity, the tree itself is put to many uses. The leaf supplies material for thatching roofs, making baskets, mats, torches, cloth, rope, and a variety of strong and durable articles. The wood is made into canoes and paddles; and the natives of palm-tree countries have a method of extracting the meat from the nut without injuring the shell, which they then use for making pipes, bottles, and divers kinds of drinking vessels. The cocoa-nut oil is also useful in a variety of ways.

Birds sometimes select the most singular places for their nests. A robin has built its nest between the timbers of a vessel in the course of construction in the Tay (Scotland) ship-building yard. The vessel is nearly completed, but an opening has been left in the hull to allow the workmen to pass in and out with internal fittings. In the timbers of this opening the pair of songsters have taken up their abode, and the female is now sitting upon seven eggs, undisturbed by the workmen or the heavy hammering attendant on the building of a ship. She appears quite at home, and is much petted by the workmen, who give her a daily supply of crumbs. Another pair of robins in Kircaldy have located their nest above a beam in a power-loom factory. They pay no attention to the machinery, but are absorbed in the prospect of rearing a young family.

The turtle of the Red Sea and Levant generally weighs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds when fully grown. The Arabs on the shores of the Red Sea have a belief that the turtle lives forever—arising from the fact that they have never found a dead one. The turtle is usually captured when asleep, by being suddenly turned upon its back. If it escapes, however, it is easily entangled in a net, for it is slow and awkward in its movements. The Red Sea turtle is not so good an article of food as that captured in the Mediterranean or at the West Indies. The shell is a valuable article of commerce.

Present customs of the Persian court are very different from those which prevailed in the time of the celebrated Futteh Ali Shah, who died in 1835. When he took his mid-day meal he used first to seat himself and taste some of the dishes; then, on a given signal, his wives came in and stood round the room. At the same time the princes were summoned from the antechamber, and stood round the table-cloth without saying a word. On a signal from the Shah they squatted down in their appointed places, and silently proceeded to eat. The dishes which stood next them might be to their tastes or the contrary, but it was not etiquette to ask for any thing, or to help themselves from a dish at a distance. The Shah only spoke to the senior prince, who sat by his side. During the whole time his Majesty's favorite wife remained seated behind him. Every now and then the Shah would shove a handful of food into her mouth, and as his handfuls were remarkably large, the poor creature was nearly choked. When the time allotted for the repast expired the princes rose and quitted the room without washing their hands, for this indispensable termination to the Eastern meal is not permitted to take place in the presence of royalty.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Lorenzo Dow was once preaching in the eastern part of Connecticut to a crowded house, the season being midwinter, and the weather extremely cold. During the sermon the congregation would make frequent visits to the stove to warm up. The old man stood the interruption until forbearance ceased to be a virtue; stopping short in the middle of a sentence, he said, "Those who have holes in their stockings may now go to the stove and warm their feet." He was annoyed no more during the service.

"Thou rainest in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

A fond parent, anxious that his infant son should be sharp in his wits and profound in his thoughts, has sent him to sea—so that he may "be rocked in the cradle of *the deep*."

When the day breaks, what becomes of the fragments?

"Put a barrel on your own back, you brute!" shouted an old gentleman with a flowing white beard and a cherry face, as a heartless truckman was lashing a pair of overworked horses that were staggering through the sloughs in William Street. "Are you one of Bergh's spies?" was the surly rejoinder. "No, Sir, but I'm a Bergher, and if you'll come down like a man I'll thrash you." The cartman took up the gauntlet, and the old gentleman was as good as his word; and to the honor of the policemen be it said, they did not interfere, but allowed the driver to get his deserts.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very tipsy, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine into your book cellar!"

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

"Bridget! Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. S——, on the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen stairs. "Why, marm," said Bridget, wiping the sweat from her red face with her checked apron as she put her head round the staircase partition—"why, marm, you see, the ice I put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn't melted yet, though it's stirring it over the fire I've been for the last fifteen minutes or more!"

You are quite welcome, as the empty pocket-book said to the greenbacks.

A stingy husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gave them their own way. "Poor things! it's all I have to give them," was her prompt reply.

A man has been arrested for taking things as they come.

Candidates for government offices in England are examined upon various literary and scientific topics. Not long since one of them, by a slip of the pen, wrote "Vennice," in one of his papers. "Do you know, Sir, that there is but one 'hen' in Venice?" asked the indignant examiner. "Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the reply.

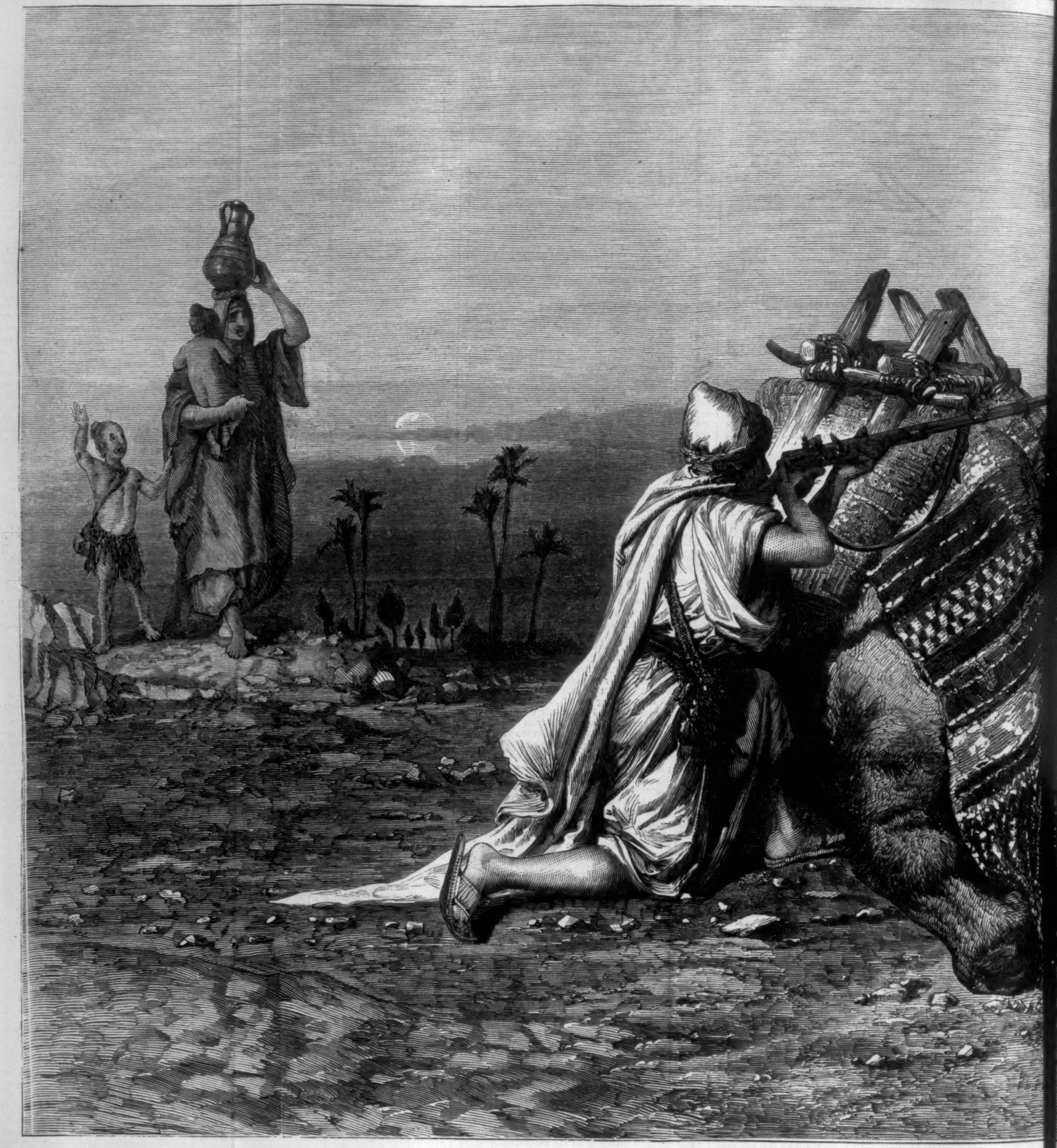
The hornet is beautifully defined to be the red-hot child of nature.

A young husband calls his wife "Birdie," because, he says, she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to nowadays?" "Oh, I is carp'ner and jiner." "He! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?" "What department? Why, I does the circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I turns de grindstone. G'way."

In a recent debate a member of the California Legislature exclaimed: "The honorable gentleman from Calaveras County is undoubtedly a person of great abilities, a man of talent, a natural-born genius; but there is one thing I defy him to do, and that is *to bite the bottom of a frying-pan without smutting his nose.*"

There was a miser who was considered impregnable to charitable appeals, until a Hibernian genius "came Paddy over him." Teddy went to the office one morning and told a piteous story about losing his pig, the only one he had. "Shure," says Teddy, "Misthress——" (whose good opinion old Hard Fist was anxious to retain) "tould me to come to ye, for ye wor very rich, and gev a power of money to the poor, God bless ye! I only want to raise enough to buy me another little shlip of a pig." The miser couldn't resist the influence of Mrs. ——, so he gave Teddy a crown. A few days afterward he met him. "Well, Teddy," said he, "did you buy another pig?" "Troth, I did; and a fine one it is." "Then take better care of it than you did of the other. What did the pig you lost die of?" "Die of!" said Teddy, raising his eyebrows—"fwhat wud he die of? Shure he didn't die at all. He was fat enough, an' I kilt him!"



"THE SWOOPING TERROR OF THE DESERT

"THE SWOOPING TERROR OF THE DESERT."

The large water-color drawing of which we give herewith an engraving is one of an extensive series of Oriental illustrations which Mr. Carl Haag has given to the art world from his personal observation in the East, particularly from experience gained in a journey made about twelve years back, when he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert." Many of the series have represented incidents of Arab life in the desert—incidents often graceful and tender, sometimes pathetic and terrible, but always picturesque and romantic. Several of such representations have, like the present work, worthily occupied places of honor in the exhibitions of the old Water-color Society of London.

We have heard much of the dangers of traversing the Asiatic and African deserts; and just now the subject is rendered prominent by the narratives of the sufferings of the Russian troops in crossing the steppes of Central Asia. But the particular danger indicated in this picture is probably less familiar, though it appears to be of not very unfrequent occurrence. In winging its flight over the arid waste of the desert an eagle pressed with hunger will, without waiting for its rations from death, like the vulture or the carrion crow, sometimes attack living animals, and even man. Spying out its prey from an incredible distance, it will, like lightning, swoop down in ever-lessening circles, seize in its talons and carry far out of sight a good-sized sheep or goat; or, failing these, it will snatch away an infant or small child, if left for a moment unguarded. The appearance toward nightfall of such an enemy may well alarm these lonely travelers, unprovided as they are with any protection overhead. A single Bedawee usually travels without a tent, such shelter being generally provided by the Arabs only when they journey in company or encamp for a season. This poor Bedawee family are preparing to pass the night in mid-desert, near a kind of oasis. The sun's last ray is vanishing athwart the group; the moon has risen above the eastern horizon. The man was about to draw from the saddle-bags the scanty provisions for their frugal meal; the wife had gone to some near pool or fountain for water, and is now returning with her antique-shaped jar balanced on her head, after the fashion of her ancestresses of thousands of years ago; she has her children about her; a babe is on her arm, an elder boy toddles at her side. All around is silence and solitude, when suddenly is heard in the still air the clanging wings of the rightly named "Swooping Terror of the Desert." Instantly, however, the father, ever ready as the champion of his wife and children against all comers, is on his knee by the side of his camel, so as to take steadier aim with his long gun at this aerial robber. Instinctively the mother pauses, not to disturb his aim, and her babe clings closer to her neck; but the brave boy, confident in his father's prowess, is already elated in anticipation of seeing their dire enemy fall dead to the ground. The attitude of the whole group is exceedingly picturesque and characteristic. Even the camel appears to be sensible of the threatened danger, and casts a fearful glance at the "Swooping Terror" in the air.

THE PAGE AT COURT.

The biography of a gentleman who, having lived to the year of grace 1835, "can not fancy that any sovereign exists who does not shudder at the very name of a parliament, unless he has the will and power to rule its resolutions, and repress, if necessary, its extravagance, by the point of the bayonet," should itself be an interesting study, independently of any other attractions. Where could he have lived, and what could he have done, in this nineteenth century, to have imbibed and retained such unique opinions, are the questions that naturally suggest themselves. And the answer, even when we have it, scarcely accounts for the phenomenon. Charles-Alexander-Francis-Felix, Count d'Hézecques, of France, was born in 1744 at the castle of Radinghem, in Artois, and through his family connection, the Duke de Villequier, gentleman of the bed-chamber to Louis XVI., was admitted among the pages of that monarch at the age of twelve years. It is the history of his pagedom which he relates, and which Miss Yonge, the well-known authoress, has done into English with a characteristic appreciation of her subject. It is impossible that the count could have found a more sympathetic editor in these degenerate days. It is evidently with pain that she finds herself occasionally compelled to apologize for his moral anachronisms; his Uriah Heepish subserviencies to the very name of king; his admiration of the lacquer and gilding that surrounded his court life; and indeed she has even the courage to speak of him in her own preface as one who, "maybe, had a true instinct as to what was good for himself and his nation." If this be so, "Heaven help the French!" we should exclaim, without, however, having much confidence that Heaven would. There is a certain touch of pathos in the apology with which the count himself favors us for describing the times when all men—that is, all the men of his own small but brilliant world—thought as he did, but which are never to return.

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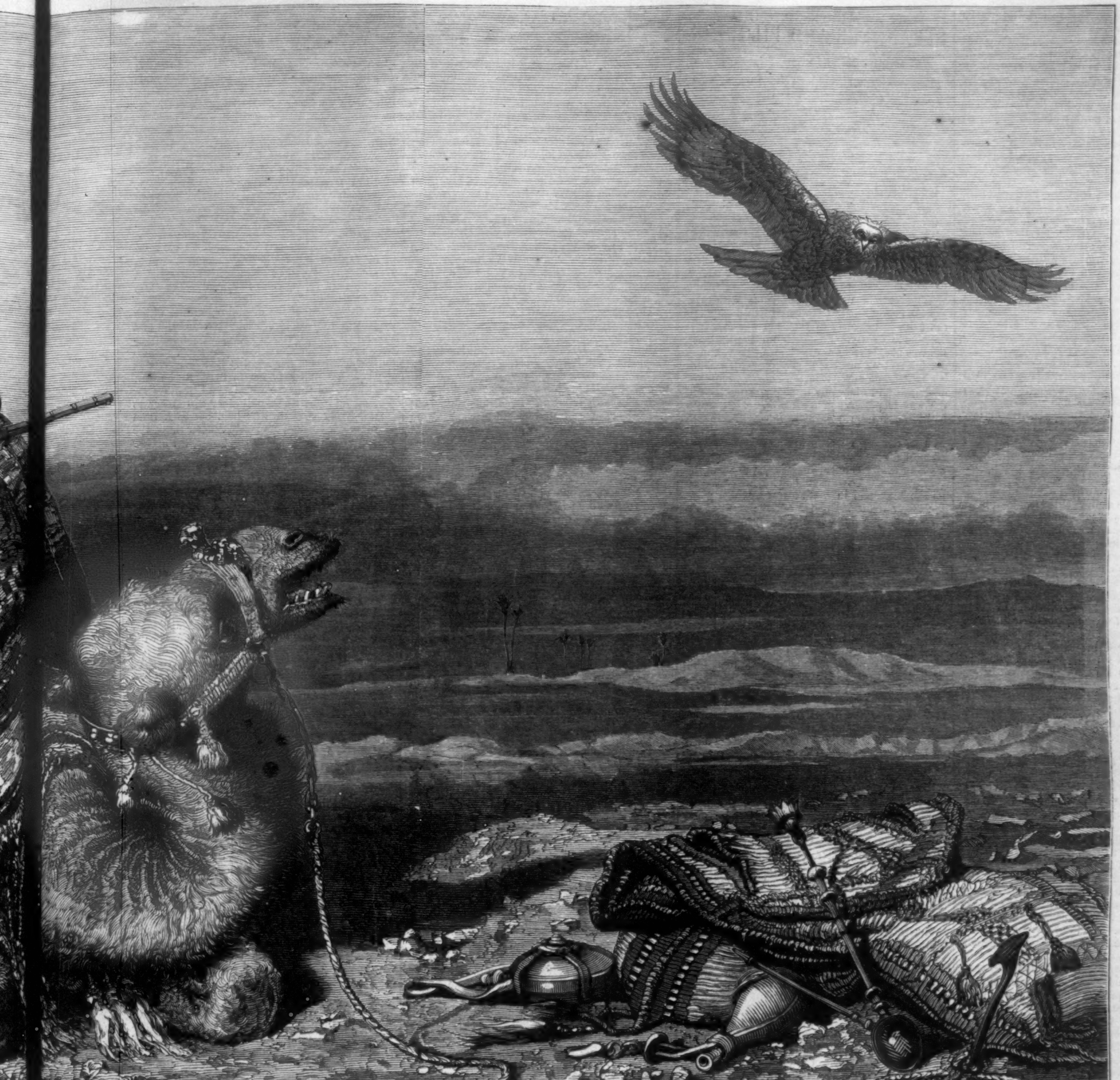

SERT [From a Water-color Drawing by Carl Haag.]

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e his passion for the
chase was such that he would fatigue himself at it until those who beheld him, and had that notion of his being given to drink in their heads which was so common a scandal, "thought him excessively drunk." As to his always being at his blacksmith's work, "this prince had graver occupations; and besides," adds his biographer, showing, for the first time, that he can be something else than eulogistic, "the works that came from his hands did not show much aptitude or practice."

Of the people about the court, of whom the histories give but a general view, our author gives us some charming details. As page of the chamber he was under the orders of Marshal De Richelieu, "the constant favorite of kings for three reigns;" and at the time of his introduction to him, this remarkable courtier, at the age of eighty, had just taken to himself, as his third wife, the beautiful Madame De Roth. The time had long gone by when he was wont to be fed with sugar-plums by Madame De Maintenon, and when none of the beauties of the court of the *grand monarque* could resist him; but he was "still as much pleased with the reputation for gallantry as with the reality." His baths of milk at Bordeaux were objected to, because there was an uneasy notion in that good town that the milk was sold afterward; but he must have been a popular governor in that province by reason of his lavish magnificence. He was wont to make his progresses with horses shod with silver shoes, slightly attached with nails, and his servants were forbidden to pick up any that fell off. At eighteen this Nestor of the court had been sent to the Bastile because he would not live with his pretty wife, Mademoiselle De Noailles; he had the blue ribbon at thirty-three, was Marshal of France at fifty-two, and died at ninety-three.

Interesting, however, as are our author's portraits of eminent characters, the chief attraction of his book lies in its curious and detailed description of the customs and etiquette of the court of Versailles. When the count arrived there, at the tender age of twelve, he found no less than one hundred and fifty-seven other pages, besides those of the princes of the blood, who resided at Paris. At first he was placed among those of the king's chamber; of these there were eight, and they had two governors and a tutor to direct their studies. To obtain this post it was necessary to prove at least two hundred years of direct noble descent, and to have an allowance of at least six hundred livres for minor expenses. Clothing, food, and masters were provided by the court. The first was no light matter, for one dress alone of a page of the chamber cost fifteen hundred livres, being of crimson velvet with gold embroidery on all the seams. The hat was trimmed with a feather and a head-piece of point d'Espagne. The undress suit was of scarlet cloth, with gold and silver lace. Their duties consisted of attending the grand levée of the king, going to mass with him, lighting him on returning late—as he often did—from hunting, and giving him his slippers when he went to bed. The count admits that it was "unique" to make children sit up till three or four in the morning to hand slippers, but adds, on the other hand, that if relaxation had been allowed, for special reasons, "we should soon have seen the disappearance of all the majesty that should surround the throne." Sometimes one is almost tempted to believe that Felix, Count d'Hézecques, is laughing in his highly ornamented sleeve while he is describing these court customs.

After four years—that is, when he was sixteen—our page was shifted to the Great Stables, where he found forty-nine companions. Curiously enough, the social discipline here (for of moral discipline there was none) seems to have been exactly that of English public schools. There was even an institution, quite unknown in other French establishments for youth, analogous to fagging, and the ordeals the new boys had to go through were brutal even to savageness. M. De Bigne, who had been a page fifty years ago, still had, in our author's time, the print of a red-hot spur with which he had been branded. Tenderness of heart was a weakness doubtless only of vulgar boys, as it was of vulgar women like Madame Du Barry. "The authority of the elders over the new ones made it a kind of oligarchy; but the harshness of this authority, the profound submission required to be shown, made it approach to a despotism, and with the license that reigned among the members of this young society, and the slight respect they possessed for the governor, gave it the appearance of a republic, if not of complete anarchy."

In point of fact, the manners and morals of the pages were very much what Dr. Johnson described those of Lord Chesterfield's to be. They had superb lodgings, and were magnificently dressed, whether the gold-lace of the pockets went across or upright marking the difference of the great and lesser stables. Two of them always went before each of the princesses when they went out, with a third, covered with lace, and who was called *surtout*, to bear the train of the dress. "When the king went out shooting, all the *surtouts* had to be at the meet. They took off their coats and put on little vests of blue drill, and leather gaiters, and each bearing a gun, they kept behind the prince, who, after firing, took another gun, while the empty one was passed from hand to hand to the armorer to load. Meanwhile the first page had the game picked up, and kept an exact account in a little note-book; and as soon as the sport was over he went to the king's study to take orders for its distribution. It may well be supposed that this was a very pleasant post; besides the advantage of having a special work to do for the king, like a little minister, the first page got a good many for himself, as Louis XVI. every day that he went out killed some four or five hundred head. We also received a dozen bottles of Champagne on these occasions."

If the life of these young gentlemen at court was short, it was certainly a merry one, and when it was over each had a right to choose a sub-lieutenancy in any corps he pleased. The leading pages of the king's chamber, of the stables, and of the queen were given a troop in the cavalry. In the Versailles riding-school, which was, indeed, their chief class-room, for they learned little else than riding, there were two hundred and forty superb horses, while those belonging to the king, and used in his personal service, amounted to no less than three thousand! Besides his body-pages the king had eight "Guards of the Sleeve," chosen from the Scotch company of Body-Guards, and without two of these he never moved. "Their orders were *never* for an instant to leave the king's person; and it might be said that nothing but the lid of the coffin could come between, for they had to place him in it and lower the corpse at St. Denis." There were, besides, the gorgeous Body-Guards, thirteen hundred in number; and the Hundred Swiss, in their antique costume of doublet and slashed breeches; and the Guards of the Gate, in gold and silver lace. And if all these splendid creatures knew nothing else, they knew to a nicety the distinctions of the courtiers, and at whose approach to carry arms only, and at whose to carry arms and also stamp with the right heel twice, like a horse in a circus. And yet our count has occasion to observe that forms and ceremonies were sadly dying out in his time, and that only noblemen of the old style, such as the Marshal Biron, still bowed to the king's bed *when he was not in it*, though even the most "Americanized" (as we should now say) of the courtiers would retreat to the wall when the king came toward them, "and when quite forced against it, would keep on shuffling their feet, in hopes of being fortunate enough to get a word from their sovereign." It was only very great personages indeed who were allowed to address his majesty, and when they did so they spoke of him in the third person: "Has the king had good sport to-day?" "Has the king caught cold?"—remarks which seem also to have been a fair specimen of the style of conversation in vogue among these magnificent individuals. The king's bed was behind a high gilded balustrade, "and called up a crowd of interesting and solemn memories" in connection with Louis XIV., who died there, with Madame De Maintenon at his right hand, and the princes sitting round them gathering moral lessons.

Perhaps in the history of mankind there was never a more terrible contrast in the circumstances of any man than in those of that unhappy monarch, Louis XVI., when he exchanged for his prison-chamber at the Temple all the pomp of Versailles. His getting up—the levée—was saluted as that of the sun by a Fire-worshiper; to say that it was treated as a religious ceremony would be—at least in the court of Versailles—to make light of it indeed. At half past eleven a servant appeared at the door of the famous *Œil-de-Bœuf*, where all the courtiers were in waiting, and cried, "Wardrobe, gentlemen." Then entered the princes of the blood and the great officers of the crown to enjoy the sacred privilege of seeing the king put his shirt on. As his toilet proceeded the less distinguished courtiers were admitted, so that their rank could be detected by his state of déshabillé. When he was quite dressed every body was admitted—that is, every body who *was* any body—"even the humble author shyly coming to offer a dedication." Then the king entered the railing round the bed, and kneeling on a cushion, said a short prayer, with the clergy and chaplains around him, after which he retired to have his wig dressed.

The going to bed was almost as fine, and our author, as page of the chamber, often witnessed it. The king said his prayers, while the chaplain in waiting held a long taper stand of silver-gilt, which was afterward handed—through the proper channels—to any nobleman his majesty wished to distinguish, and this honor was appreciated beyond any thing. Marshal De Broglie, the conqueror of Bingen, when he failed to get it "showed by his blushes and embarrassment" his disappointment and humiliation. If a prince of the blood was present, it was his happiness to put on the king's night-shirt; but previously to that ceremony his majesty had an awkward habit of "letting his small-clothes fall down upon his heels, and then conversing for a long time." At last he would sit down in an arm-chair, and have his stockings pulled off by dignitaries appointed for that purpose, and two of his child-pages (very sleepy, we may be sure) advanced and put on his slippers.

Familiarity with majesty never seems to have bred contempt for it on the part of our page, even when it was most supremely ridiculous; and any one who, though not in opposition to it, dared to have self-respect when in its presence—such as Lafayette—excited his utmost horror. It was not only as a courtier, however, that he imbibed these views, but was apparently born with them, as this little anecdote will show: "On certain great festival days the consecrated bread was offered to the king and royal family. It was a very large piece of roll. Louis used to take his knife out of his pocket, cut off a piece, and give the rest to the pages of the chamber. Indeed, he very often did not take so much trouble, but bit a piece off the roll. On the day I was entered among the pages I had the piece *that bore the marks of the king's teeth, and in my provincial ecstasy ate it reverentially*."

(Continued from No. 867, page 712.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER IX.

> "My God! I never knew what the mad felt
> Before; for I am mad beyond all doubt!
> No, I am dead! These putrefying limbs
> Shut round and sepulchre the panting soul,
> Which would burst forth into the wandering air.
> What hideous thought was that I had e'en now?
> 'Tis gone; and yet its burden remains here,
> O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart!
> O world! O life! O day! O misery!
>
> * * * * *
>
> She is the mad-house nurse who tends on me.
> It is a piteous office."

WHETHER a careful compliance with Mr. Forde's behest would have saved Elizabeth from the evil consequences of that one wet day, it is impossible to say. She took no precautions; she was utterly reckless of her own safety, hating doctors and all medical appliances with a childish hatred, and never from her childhood upward having cared to take any trouble about herself in the way of preserving her health. That health had hitherto been a splendid inheritance which recklessness could hardly reduce. She had run wild in Devonian woods wet-footed, and caring no more for the damps of morass or brooklet than a young fawn; she had roamed the moor in the very teeth of the east wind, had lingered latest of all the household in the Vicarage garden when the heavy night-dews were falling; she had sat up late into the nights reading her favorite books, had existed for weeks at a time with the least possible allowance of sleep, and had hardly known what it was to be ill.

"I almost wish I could set up a chronic headache like Diana's," she used to say in those days. "It is so convenient occasionally."

But after her boy's death had come an illness which concentrated into nine long weeks of anguish more than some feeble souls suffer in a lifetime of weak murmurings and complainings. Brain-fever it would have been called most likely, had the patient been any one less than Lord Paulyn's wife; but the specialists, who met three times a week in solemn conclave to discuss the diagnostics of the case, found occult names for the ailments of a person of quality. That nameless fever of mind and body, engendered of a wild and desperate grief, came and passed away; but not without severely trying the strength of the mind, which had been the greater sufferer. The inexhaustible riches of a superb constitution saved the body, but that weaker vessel, the mind, foundered, and at one time was menaced with total shipwreck.

Now fever again took possession of that lovely temple—the lowest form of contagious fever—and rang its dismal changes from gastric to typhus, from typhus to typhoid. Wet garments, tainted air, did their fatal work. After a week or so of general depression, occasional shivering fits, utter want of appetite, and continued sleeplessness, the fever-fiend revealed himself in a more definite form; and the local surgeon—resident five miles from the château—declared, with infinite hesitation and unwillingness, that in his opinion Lady Paulyn was suffering from a mild form—a very mild form, and entirely without danger—of the low fever that had been hanging about the neighborhood this year.

This declaration was made, in the most cautious and conciliating manner, to Lady Paulyn herself, in the presence of Hilda Disney; the disagreeable fact disguised with an excessive show of confidence and hopefulness on the doctor's part, just as he contrived to conceal the flavor of aloes or rhubarb in his silvered pills.

Elizabeth turned her haggard fever-bright eyes to him with a strange look. She had been sitting in a moody attitude till now, staring fixedly at the ground.

"I have had fever before," she said; "and that time my mind went. I could not believe it for long afterward, but I know now that it did go. I hope that is not going to happen to me again."

"My dear lady"—Elizabeth shuddered; the specialists, or in other words mad-doctors, had always called her "dear lady"—"there is not the smallest cause for such an apprehension. In fever there is occasionally a slight delirium, purely attributable to physical causes. But I trust that with care there may be nothing of the kind in your case."

"With care!" repeated Elizabeth. "Yes, I remember they said that when I was ill before. I heard them as I lay there helpless, repeating the same words every day like parrots. But then I only wanted to die, and to go to my darling; and I don't know that it matters much more now. Only I don't want to lose my mind and yet go on living. If I am to die young, let me die altogether—not like Dean Swift, first atop."

The Scotch surgeon, an eminently practical man, shook his head a little at this, with a grave side-glance at Miss Disney; then murmured his directions: quiet—repose—the saline draughts, which he would alter a little from those of yesterday and the day before—and, above all, care. It would be as well to send to Glasgow for a professional nurse, lest the duties of the sick-room might be beyond the scope of Miss Disney or Lady Paulyn's maid. This was mentioned in confidence to Hilda when she and the surgeon had left Elizabeth's room together.

"It is not going to be serious, I hope," said Hilda.

"I apprehend not. No; I venture to think not. With youth, and so fine a constitution—no organic disease—I have every reason to imagine the fever will pass off in a few days, and a complete restoration ensue. But the want of sleep and of appetite are unpleasant symptoms, and her ladyship's mind is more excited than I should wish. I think, as it is a case which no doubt will inspire some anxiety in the mind of Lord Paulyn, and as he is absent from home, it might be wise to fortify ourselves with a second opinion." This was said with an air of proud humility, as who should say, "I feel myself strong enough to cope with the diseases of a nation, but usage must be observed, according to the statute in such case made and provided;" for medicine has its unwritten laws, its unregistered acts of an intangible parliament. "I should like Dr. Sauchiehall to see Lady Paulyn."

"Pray telegraph to him at once," said Hilda, anxiously; "and I will telegraph to my cousin."

With this understanding they parted. The doctor to drive his neat gig to the little bathing-place five miles off, whence he could send a telegram to Glasgow; Hilda to pace the terrace, under a gray autumn sky, watching, or seeming to watch, the white rain mists rolling up from the mountain crests, and meditating this new turn in affairs.

How would Reginald take his wife's illness? They had parted with a palpable coolness; on her part indifference, smothered anger on his. Would all his old selfish vehement love rush back upon him with redoubled force if he found his wife in jeopardy? Such hours of peril, as it were the shadow of the destroyer lurking on the threshold of a half-opened door, are apt to awaken dormant affections; to rekindle passions that seemed dead as death itself.

"I know that he loves her still," thought Hilda. "Those flashes of anger spring from the same root as tender looks and sweet words; he loves her still, with quite as much real affection, and as near an approach to unselfishness as he is capable of feeling. And if she were to die—he would never love any one else; would marry again perhaps, but for money, no doubt, the second time. And I—well, I should be always in the same position, a miserable hanger-on, outside his life. God give me patience to do my duty to both of them; to the man who amused a summer holiday by breaking my heart, and the woman who has usurped my place in the world."

To communicate by telegraph or post with Lord Paulyn was no easy matter, or there was at least small security that a telegram would find him. His address was fugitive; at Newmarket to-day, on board his yacht in Southampton Water, bound to Havre, to-morrow. Hilda telegraphed to Newmarket and Park Lane, trusting that one of the two messages might reach him without delay. She also wrote him a letter, addressed to Park Lane, in which she gave him a careful account of Elizabeth's symptoms, and the medical man's remarks upon them. Having done this, she felt that she had done her duty, and could abide the issue of events with a complacent mind.

But a harder and more painful duty remained to be done; the patient had to be watched and cared for, and that task Miss Disney deemed herself, in a manner, bound to perform. A horrible restlessness had taken possession of Elizabeth. Weak as she was, she wanted to roam from room to room, out on to the lonely lawn even, under the dull gray sky; and Mr. M'Knockie, the local surgeon, had especially directed that she should be kept in perfect quiet, and in her own room—that she should straightway take to her bed, indeed, and, as it were, prostrate herself at the feet of the fever-fiend.

Against this Elizabeth protested with all her might, declaring that she was not ill, that she had nothing the matter with her but cold and sore throat, and that Mr. M'Knockie was only trying how long a bill he could run up with his vapid, tasteless medicines. Air, fresh air, was all she required, she cried; and she flung open the French window, and went out into the balcony, in spite of Hilda.

"O sea, sea, sea," she cried, looking away toward that opening in the hills where the waters widened out into ocean, "if you would only carry me away to some new world, a world of dreams and shadows, where I should have done with the burden of life!"

Alas, she was only too near that world of dreams and shadows! Before night-fall she was delirious, watched over by hired nurses, a prostrate wretch concerning whom the doctors, Sauchiehall and M'Knockie, shook their heads almost despondently. Fever of mind and fever of body raged together with unabating violence. She had entered the region of dreams and shadows; and in that long delirium, during which all things in the present were blotted out, or only seen dimly athwart a thick cloud, her mind went back to the past. She was a child again, following the windings of the Tabar, or losing herself in the wood where the anemones were like snow in April; she was a girl again, her childish unspoken love for Malcolm Forde ripening slowly, like a bud that ripens to a blossom under a gentle English sun, until it bursts into bloom and beauty, the perfect flower of woman's heart.

In that drama of the past which she lived over again, there were not only scenes that had been, but scenes that had not been. With the loss of sober reason and the perception of surrounding things, invention was curiously quickened. Memory, which was beyond measure vivid, ran a race with imagination. That brief span of her springtide courtship, the few short weeks of her engagement to Malcolm Forde, was spun out by innumerable fancies of the distracted brain. She recalled walks that they had never walked, long wanderings over the moor; wild poetic talk; the converse of spirits which had issued forth from the doors of this solid world into a vast cloud-land, a place of dim, unfinished thoughts and broken fancies.

It was distracting to hear her talk of these things; it was a madness almost maddening to watch or listen to. The hired nurses made light enough of the business; haled their patient about with their coarse hands, tied her even with bonds when she was too restless for their endurance; ate, drank, slept, and rejoiced, while she lay there in her dream-world, entreating Malcolm to loosen those cruel cords, to take her away out of the stifling atmosphere that was killing her.

Miss Disney made a point of spending some hours of the day or night in the sick-room; and in these hours Elizabeth fared a little better than at other times. The tying process was at any rate not attempted in Hilda's presence. But, consciousness of all immediate events being in abeyance, the hapless patient knew not that she was being protected by this quiet figure in a black silk gown, which sat statue-like by the hearth, and she was exceedingly tormented by the sight of it. In her more desperate moods she even accused Miss Disney of keeping her a prisoner in that horrible room, and of separating her from her plighted lover.

Here was one of the mental obliquities which made a part of her disorder. Her husband and her married life, even her lost child, were forgotten; were as things that had never been. Nothing stood between her and her first lover except the bondage that kept her to that hated room. He was at all times close at hand, waiting for her, calling to her even, only she could not go to him. Every creature who held her back from him was her enemy; and chief among these, the despotic mistress of her prison-house, the arbiter of her fate, was Hilda Disney.

Matters were in this state when Lord Paulyn came back to Slogh-na-Dyack, tardily apprised of his wife's illness by the telegrams, which had followed him from stage to stage of his wandering existence. He found the doctors at sea, only able to give stately utterance to the feeblest opinions, but by a curious fatality issuing orders which in every minutest detail were opposed to the desires of the patient.

In her more lucid intervals she had languished for the sight of old faces, the sound of old voices. She had entreated them to send for the old servant who had nursed her, the old Vicarage servant, who had been part and parcel of her home in the happy childish days before her mother's death, before she had begun to be proud of her beauty and to grow indifferent to the commonplace present in selfish dreams of a much brighter future. She spoke of the woman by her name, remembering all about her with a singular precision, at which the doctors looked at each other and wondered; "Memory extraordinarily clear," they remarked—like heaven-gifted seers divining a fact which it was not within the power of common perception to discover.

Then came a longing for her sisters, above all for Blanche, the young frivolous creature who had loved her better than she had ever loved in return. Piteously, in her most reasonable moments, she implored that Blanche might be summoned.

"She would amuse me," she said, "and I want so much to be amused; all is so dull here, such an awful quiet, like a house under a spell. For Heaven's sake, if there is any one in this place who loves me or pities me, let them send for my sister Blanche."

Miss Disney, faithful to her duties in a semi-mechanical way, informed the medical men of this wish.

"Would it not be well to send for Miss Luttrell?"

No, they said. Isolation—perfect isolation—offered the only chance of recovery. Lady Paulyn was to see no one except the persons who nursed her. No old familiar faces—inspiring violent emotions, agitating thoughts—were to approach her. Even Miss Disney, who might be permitted to take her turn occasionally in her patient's room, must be careful not to talk to her—not to encourage any thing like conversation. Soothing silence must pervade the chamber—sepulchral as the room where the mighty dead lie in state. When Lord Paulyn came, he might see his wife, but with such precautions as must reduce any meeting between them to a nullity. The dismal monotony of a sick-room was to be Elizabeth's cure; the hard, cruel visages of hireling nurses were to woo her back to reason and peace: so said Dr. Sauchiehall, Mr. M'Knockie, as in duty bound, agreeing.

Lord Paulyn came at a time when mere bodily illness had been well-nigh subjugated, and that nicer mechanism, the mind, alone remained out of gear. He was allowed to stand for a few minutes in the shadow of the curtains that draped his wife's bed; and having the misfortune to come in at an unlucky hour, heard her rave about her first lover, and upbraid the tyrants who had severed them. He turned upon his heel, and left the room without a word; nor did he enter again until, upon a terrible occasion, some weeks later, when the malady had increased—even under those favorable circumstances of utter isolation and the care of hireling nurses—and he was summoned to his wife's room to prevent her flinging herself out of the window by the sheer force of his strong arm.

She was clinging to the long French window when he went into the room—an awful white-robed figure with streaming hair, and flashing, passionate eyes, the two nurses trying to drag her back, but vainly striving against the unnatural strength that waits upon a mind distraught.

"Why do you keep me back from him?" she cried. "He is down yonder by the water waiting for me, as he has waited always. I heard his voice just now. You shall not keep me back. Do you think I am afraid of the danger? At the worst, it is only death. Let me go."

Lord Paulyn's strong arm thrust the nurses aside, grasped the frail figure, whose convulsive force was strangled in that muscular grip. She struggled with him, and was hurt in the struggle—hurt by the grasp of that broad hand, which seemed so brutal in its strength. She looked at him with her wild fever-bright eyes.

"I know you now," she said; "you are my husband. The other was a sweet sad dream. You are the bitter reality!"

He flung her into the arms of the head nurse—a virago six feet high. "If you can not take better care of your patient, I must have her put where they will know how to look after her without boring me," he said; and left the room without another look at the only woman he had ever loved. There are some flames that burn themselves out very soon, the fierce love of selfish souls among them. The warmth of Lord Paulyn's affection for his wife had long been on the wane. Her extravagances had tried his temper, touching him deeply where he was most susceptible, in his love of money. Her illness had annoyed him, for he detested the fuss and trouble of domestic affliction. This second calamity struck a final blow to his self-love, with which was bound up whatever yet remained of that other love. That her wandering mind should set up "that parson fellow" in his rightful place—should erase him, Reginald Paulyn, from the story of her life—harking back to that old foolish sentimental passion of her girlhood, was too deep an offense.

He sat by his lonely hearth, and brooded over his wrongs—his wife's base ingratitude, his childlessness—hardly daring to look forward to the future, in which he saw the creature he had once loved menaced with the direst affliction humanity can suffer. He summoned the mad-doctors—the men who had taken out a kind of patent for the manipulation of the distraught mind—the men who had called Elizabeth "dear lady," a year ago, in Park Lane. They came, and agreed in polite language, which shirked the actual word, that Lady Paulyn was very mad; they feared hopelessly, permanently mad. Nature, of course, had vast resources, they added, sagely providing for the event of her recovery—there was no knowing what healing balm she might ultimately produce from her inexhaustible store-house—but in the mean time there could be no doubt of the main fact, that her ladyship was suffering from acute mania, and must be placed under fitting restraint.

There was a little discussion as to which of the doctors should have the privilege of ministering to this amiable sufferer. One had a charming place—an old-fashioned mansion of the Grange order in Surrey; the other a handsome establishment on the north side of London. They debated this little matter between themselves, like polite vultures haggling about a piece of carrion, perhaps drew lots for the patient, and finally arranged every thing with an air of agreeable cordiality. The physician whose house was in the north had won the day.

"You must contrive to get me through any formalities that may be necessary as easily as you can," said Lord Paulyn. "It's a horrible business, and the sooner it's over the better. Poor thing! She was the loveliest woman in England, bar none, when I married her. I feel as if we were committing a murder."

"Be assured, my dear Sir, that the dear lady could not be more happily placed than with our good friend Dr. Cameron," said Dr. Turnam, the gentleman who had resigned the prey to his brother patentee. "If skill and care can restore her, rely upon it they will not be wanting."

The Viscount sighed, and went back to his solitary smoking-room, breathing muttered curses against destiny. She had worn out his love; but to think of her handed over to this doctor—consigned, perhaps, to a life-long imprisonment—*that* was hard. What should he do with himself, when she who had made the glory of his life was walled up in that living grave? He had Newmarket still, and his stables; and at his best he had given more of his life to the stable than to Elizabeth. But he felt not the less that his life was broken—that he could never again be the man that he had been; that even the hoarse roar of the ring and the public, when his colors came to the front in a great race, would henceforth fall flat upon his ear.

CHAPTER X.

> "Yes, it was love, if thoughts of tenderness
> Tried in temptation, strongest by distress,
> Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
> And yet, oh! more than all!—untired by time;
> Which naught removed, nor menaced to remove—
> If there be love in mortals, *this* was love."

A GLOOM fell upon the spirit of Malcolm Forde after that meeting in the sick woman's cottage. The thoughts of his old life, his old hopes, bright dreams of union with the woman he fondly loved, pleasant visions of a simple pastoral English life among people it would be his happiness to render happy, a fair prospect which he had cherished for a little while, only to lose it by-and-by in bitterness and disappointment—the thoughts of these things came back to him and took the sweetness out of his pleasant existence, and made all the future barren.

It was hard to know that he had his own impetuosity to blame for the ruin of his earthly happiness; harder to be content remembering how he had been permitted to realize that other and unselfish dream of carrying light to those that sat in darkness; hard to say, "Lord, I thank Thee; Thou knowest best what is good for me; Thou hast given me far more than I deserve."

Not yet could his spirit soar into this holy region of perpetual peace; a region where sorrows are not, only mild chastenings of a heavenly Master, who leavens every affliction with the leaven of faith and hope. His thoughts were of the earth, earthy. His mind went back to that day in Eaton Place, and he hated himself for his unreasoning anger, for the false pride which would not let him court an explanation; for his blind passion, which had taken the show of things for their reality.

He thought of what might have been if, instead of casting away this flower of his life on the first indignant impulse of his jealous mind, he had shown a little patience, a little tenderness. But he had seemed incapable of patience on that odious day; with his own angry foot he had kicked down the air-built castle which it had been so sweet to him to raise.

If he had found her happy, serene in the glory of her high position, secure in the sympathy and affection of a worthy husband, he would not have felt his own loss so keenly; he could have borne even to know that she had never loved him better than in that luckless hour when he renounced her. But to know that her life had been shipwrecked by his mad anger—to look into her haggard face, with its sad mocking smile, and know that she was miserable—to read the old love in those lovely eyes, the old love cherished always, confessed too late by unconscious looks that pierced his very soul—these things were indeed bitter.

For a while he forgot his profession; forgot what he was, and the work that still remained for him to do; sank from his lofty level of self-renouncement to the lowest depths of a too human despair. If the image of his lost love had haunted him in that strange romantic world amidst the waters of the Pacific, how much more did that sad shade pursue him now, when the woman he still loved was near at hand, when from the hill-side which he had daily need to pass he could see the white walls of the house she had called her prison!

Never more might his eyes search the secrets of that altered face—the face which he remembered in all the pride of its girlish beauty. Never any more might those two meet. To all other world-weary souls he might carry consolation, might breathe words of promise and of hope; but not to her. Between them rose the barrier of a mighty love, unconquered and unconquerable.

He went his quiet way with that great sorrow in his heart. Had he not carried almost as great a sorrow even in the islands of the southern sea? only that he had then regarded his loss as inevitable, while he now lamented it as the wretched fruit of his own fatuity. He went his quiet way and did the little there was to be done in that scantily peopled district, visited the sick, comforted the dying; but the work he did just now was done in a semi-mechanical way, for his heart was elsewhither.

It would have been a relief to him if he could only have heard of her; if there had been any one who could tell him how she fared. He looked at the white walls, the conical towers, longingly, yet would not go near them. To enter there would be to enter the gates of hell. But he would have risked much to hear of her.

His eyes searched the little chapel at every service, but saw her not. Yet this might augur nothing except that she instinctively avoided him with an avoidance he must needs approve.

Weeks passed, and he heard nothing; and that mountain scene seemed strangely blank to him, as if that one figure, met only once, had filled the whole landscape. Then came a day upon which duty took him near Slogh-na-Dyack. He went to see a sick child in a cottage within half a mile of the château; and here, almost by accident, he first heard of Lady Paulyn's illness.

He had asked the boy's mother if she had every thing necessary for him; every thing the doctor had ordered. Yes, she told him, they got every thing from the big house where the poor lady was so ill.

He had been bending tenderly over the fever-stricken child, but he looked suddenly upward at these words.

"What house? what lady?" he asked, quickly.

"The house with the peaky lums," the woman answered. "Lady Paulyn, who took the fever, and is lying ill with it still; near death, some folks say."

He laid the sick boy gently down upon his pillow, and then questioned the woman closely. She could tell him no more than she had told him in that one sentence. The lady at Slogh-na-Dyack had been dangerously ill; the doctors came there every day: a doctor from Glasgow, and another doctor from Ellensbridge. Some said she was dying; but she had lain sick so long, and hadn't died, so there was hopes of her getting well. The fever had been quicker with poor bodies like her son. It was a good many weeks now since Lady Paulyn had been taken.

What could he do? He left the cottage, and walked straight to Slogh-na-Dyack, with no definite idea as to what he should do, only that he would at least discover for himself how far the woman at the cottage had been right. Those people always exaggerate; pick up wild versions of common facts. Elizabeth might have been ill, perhaps, but not dangerously. He tried to persuade himself this as he walked swiftly along the misty road.

He did not stop to consider his right, or want of right, to approach her. Such an hour as this made an end to all such questions. If she were dying, it was his duty to be near her; to sustain that poor weak soul, of whose mystery he knew more than any other man on earth. By his right as a minister of God's word and her dead father's friend, he would claim the privilege of being near her at the last dark hour.

The land in front of the château looked gray and gloomy in the twilight, the darkness only broken by the red light of a wood fire in the hall. A pompous butler, imported from Park Lane, and sorely averse to this Northern establishment, was basking in a Glastonbury chair before the cavernous fire-place, yesterday's *Times* lying across his knees, to-day's *Scotsman* and *Edinburgh Daily Review* crumpled into the corner of the chair; the seneschal having dropped comfortably off to sleep after exhausting the news of the day.

Disturbed by the entrance of Malcolm Forde, this functionary rose from his slumbers, and imperiously commanded an underling to light the gas, "which is about the honly convenience we 'av in this detestable barracks of a place," he was wont to say, "and 'av to make it ourselves in the kitchen-garding, at the risk of being blowed out of our beds."

Questioned by Mr. Forde, this personage affirmed that Lady Paulyn was ill, very ill; but not in any danger. She had been in danger three weeks ago, when the fever was at its height; but there was no danger now.

"Yet you say that she is still very ill."

"Very ill, Sir; leastways, she keeps her own room; but is, I believe, progressing toward convoluscence. Would you wish to see Miss Disney, Sir? Lord Paulyn have gone to Hinverness for a few days' deer-stalking, but Miss Disney is at home."

"No; if you can assure me that Lady Paulyn is out of danger, I need not trouble Miss Disney. But in the event of danger, I should be very glad if that lady would send for me. You can give her my card. I am an old friend of Lady Paulyn's family."

He gave the butler his card, and went away relieved, but still uneasy.

How gloomy the house looked! The dark oak staircase, with its mediæval newels; the Scottish lion rampant, supporting the shield of the knife-powder manufacturer, whose conventional quarterings Lord Paulyn had not taken the trouble to efface; the vaulted roof, with its bosses and corbels in carton pierre, and gloomy as the ancient wood-work from which they had been modeled; the black and white marble floor, with skins of savage beasts laid here and there; the suits of mail glimmering in the fire-light, the underling not yet having brought his taper: a dismal Udolpho-like place it looked at this hour, in spite of the chief butler's portly presence.

"A parson, I suppose," mused the butler, when the figure of Malcolm Forde had vanished from the porch, beneath whose shadow he had lingered a few moments to look back into the house, wondering whether amidst all this pomp *she* was loved and well cared for. "A parson, I make no doubt. What a rum lot they are, to be sure! as bad as ravens—hanging about a house where there's any one dying. One would think they went pardners with the undertaker. Let's have a look at his pasteboard," he continued aloud, while the gas was being lighted. "The Reverend Malcolm Forde. Why, I'm blest if that isn't the chap she was engaged to before we married her! Fancy his coming area-sneaking here while his Ludship's out of the way."

For about a fortnight after that evening Mr. Forde sent a messenger to Slogh-na-Dyack, at intervals of two or three days, to inquire about Lady Paulyn; and the reply being always to the effect that her ladyship was progressing favorably, he comforted himself with the idea that all danger was past, and finally told the messenger that he need go no more. His own residence at Dunallen was drawing to a close; Mr. M'Kenzie writing cheerily from divers Belgian towns, where he and his family were enjoying the glories and pleasures of Continental travel on an economical scale; but writing still more cheerily of his approaching return to the home nest.

"After all, my dear Forde, there's no place like our own wee parlor; and there's nothing in the way of foreign kickshaws, partridges with stewed pears, and the Lord knows what, that I relish as much as a sheep's-head or a few broth. And I think my wife's potato-soup beats your *potage à l'Italienne* or your *purée aux pois* hollow. The hills about Spa are a poor business compared with Argyleshire; and if it wasn't for being covered with firs, would be paltry beyond comparison. And as it doesn't do for a white choker to adorn the gaming-table, I had rather a dull time of it, and was glad when we got back to Liege, where the churches and gun-factories are unapproachable. I saw some wood-carving about the choir stalls that would have set your ritualistic mouth watering, only that, now you've given yourself up to foreign missions, you've turned your back upon that kind of thing."

Malcolm Forde's time at Dunallen was nearly ended; thank God the peril had passed! He could leave her with a heart that was almost at peace; for by this time he had schooled himself to accept his fate—the lot out of God's hand—and to pray in humility and hope for her ultimate happiness.

Thus came the last day but one of his service at Dunallen. He had been at work from early in the morning, going from dwelling to dwelling—dwellings which were chiefly of the cottage order—taking leave of people to whom he had made himself dear in the short space of his ministration among them; promising to remember them at the other end of the world, in compliance with their desire that he would sometimes think of them when he was far away. He answered them with a somewhat mournful smile, thinking of that other memory which would cleave to him for the rest of his life.

There was weeping and wailing in all these humble habitations at the prospect of his depart[illegible] Mr. M'Kenzie was a good man and a kind, [illegible] all protested warmly; and Mrs. M'Kenzie's potato-soup and honest barley-broth kept soul and body together in many a household through the bleak long winter; but Mr. M'Kenzie wasn't like Mr. Forde. He had a little dry way of talking to folks, and didn't enter into the very thoughts of poor bodies like his substitute. Nor could he preach so fine a sermon as Mr. Forde—a strong point with these critical Caledonians.

His day's labors were ended at last. He had trodden the heather-clad hills he loved so well for the last time; had taken his last look at Slogh-na-Dyack's white towers; and he sat by his solitary hearth thinking how very soon he should have left this well-known land to resume his work among a strange people.

Not unhopefully did he look forward to new toil, new anxieties. The eager thirst of conquest, which urges the missionary as it urges the warrior, had grown somewhat languid with him of late; he could not feel quite the old enthusiasm. "I go to reclaim the lost among a strange people," he thought, "while the soul that I love best on earth may be perishing; the soul that I might have trained to such a high destiny."

He had letters to write—much still to do before leaving Scotland; but he sat by the lonely fireside in the gloaming, lost in melancholy thought. The neat little maid-servant came to ask if she should bring the lamp; but he told her no, he liked the fire-light. "It is a pleasant light for thinking by, Meg," he said.

A pleasant light, perhaps; but his thoughts were not pleasant. He tried to confine them to the actual business of his life, the work that lay before him in the future; but they would not be directed. They clung with a passionate regret to the scene he was about to leave. They hung around the white-walled château; they wandered in and out of those unknown chambers where Elizabeth lived; they would not be diverted from her.

"If she were well and happy it would be different," he said to himself, in self-exculpation.

He sat on till the chapel clock had struck nine. The October night was blusterous, wild gusts rattling the window-frames, and rustling the ivy with a grewsome and ghostly sound, as of disembodied souls striving for admittance. The moon was up, and by fits and starts emerged from a stormy sea of blackest clouds, lighting up the wild landscape, the water at the foot of the hill. It was during one of these sudden bursts of moonlight that Mr. Forde, happening suddenly to look up, saw a strange figure outside his window; a face white as the moonlight, peering in at him through the glass. For a moment he looked at it in dumb wonder, taking it for the embodiment of his own troubled fancies, a mere visionary creature; as if that melancholy sound of the ivy leaves against the glass had made itself a shape out of the shadows.

It was very real, however. A hand tapped upon the pane, with a hurried imperious tapping. He got up from his chair, and went over to the window.

Great Heaven! it was that one woman whose image absorbed his every thought; it was Elizabeth!

"Let me in!" she cried, piteously, in tones that seemed strange to him; stranger even than her presence in that spot. He opened the window softly.

"I will come round to the door and let you in," he said; "for Heaven's sake, what has happened?"

"Only that I have cheated them all at last," she said, looking at him with wild beseeching eyes; "I have broken loose from my bondage. Oh, Malcolm, you will not let them take me back again?"

Something—an unutterable indefinable something—in her tones and looks struck him with a sharper pain than he had felt even yet; though almost all his thoughts of her had been pain. He rushed across the room, and the tiny hall beyond it, to the door, only a few paces from the window by which she stood. He opened it quickly, went out into the wintry night, and found her still rapping impatiently upon the pane, as if she had not heard or comprehended what he said to her.

She was clad in some loose long garment of the dressing-gown species, and had a shawl flung carelessly over her shoulders; but neither hat nor bonnet. Her long rippling hair fell loosely about her, mixed with the folds of her shawl.

"Dear Lady Paulyn," he said, very gently, "what could have induced you to come here at such an hour? Good heavens! you have surely not walked?" he added, hastily, looking down the long moon-lit road, where there was no vestige of any vehicle.

"Yes; I have come all the way on foot, and alone. I was afraid at first that I might not find you; but there was some instinct led me right, I think. Sometimes I saw you a little way before me in the moonlight, and you turned, now and then, and smiled and beckoned to me. Your smile drew me after you. Why do you live so far off, Malcolm? you were so much nearer at Hawleigh. I remember that morning I came to see you, only to find you gone—it seemed so short a walk; but to-night it was like walking on for ever and ever."

"Come into the house," he said, in a curious half-muffled voice, a deadly fear rending his heart. "Come into the warm room, Elizabeth; you are shivering."

"Not with cold," she said, hastily; "with fear."

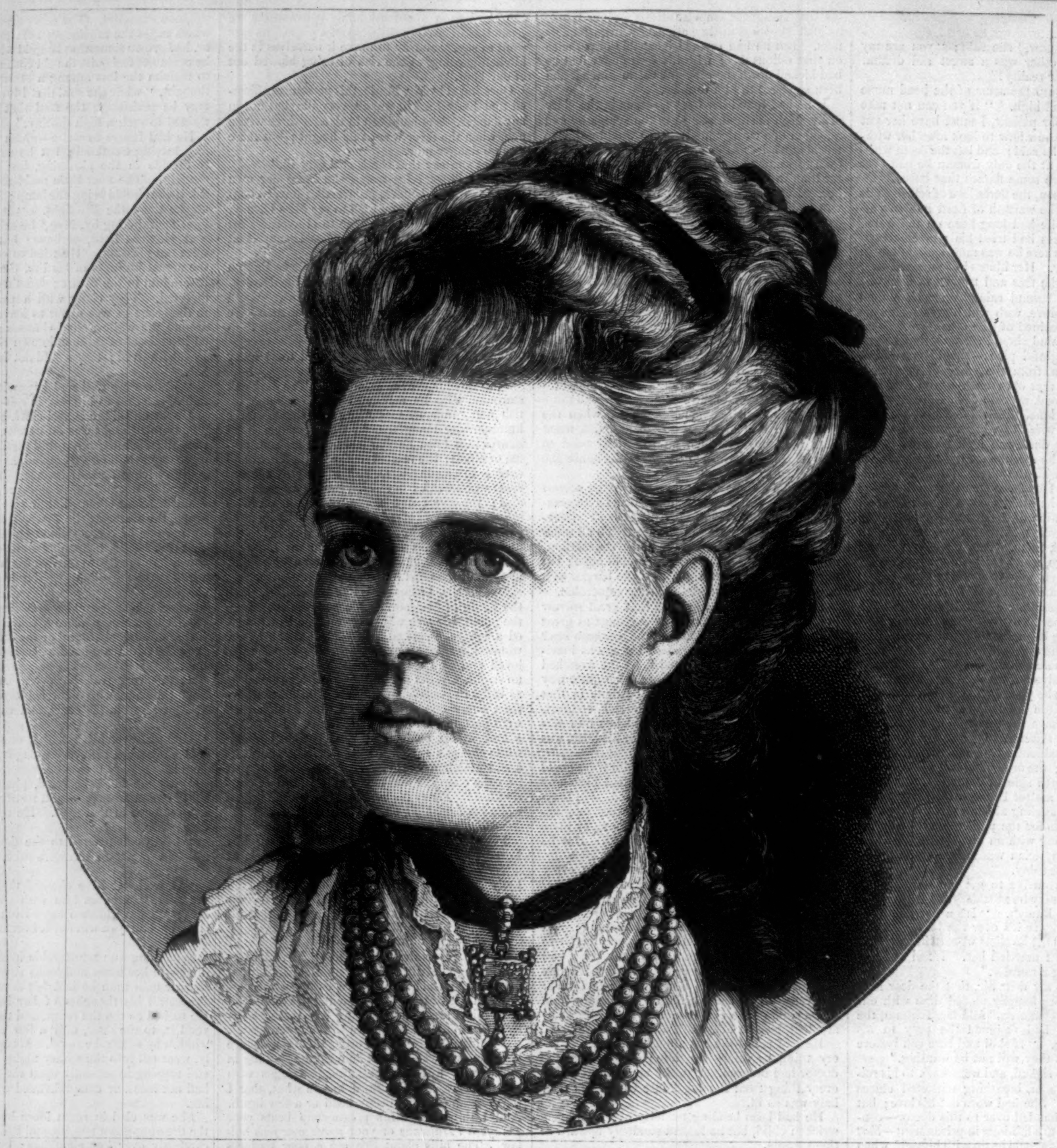
"Fear! of what?"

"That they'll follow me, and take me away from you. They'll guess where I've come, you know, as you and I are engaged to be married. My horrible jailers will hunt me down, Malcolm; Hilda at their head. Hilda, who is the worst of all—not rough and cruel with her hands like the others—but cruel with her cold watchful eyes, that are looking me into my grave."

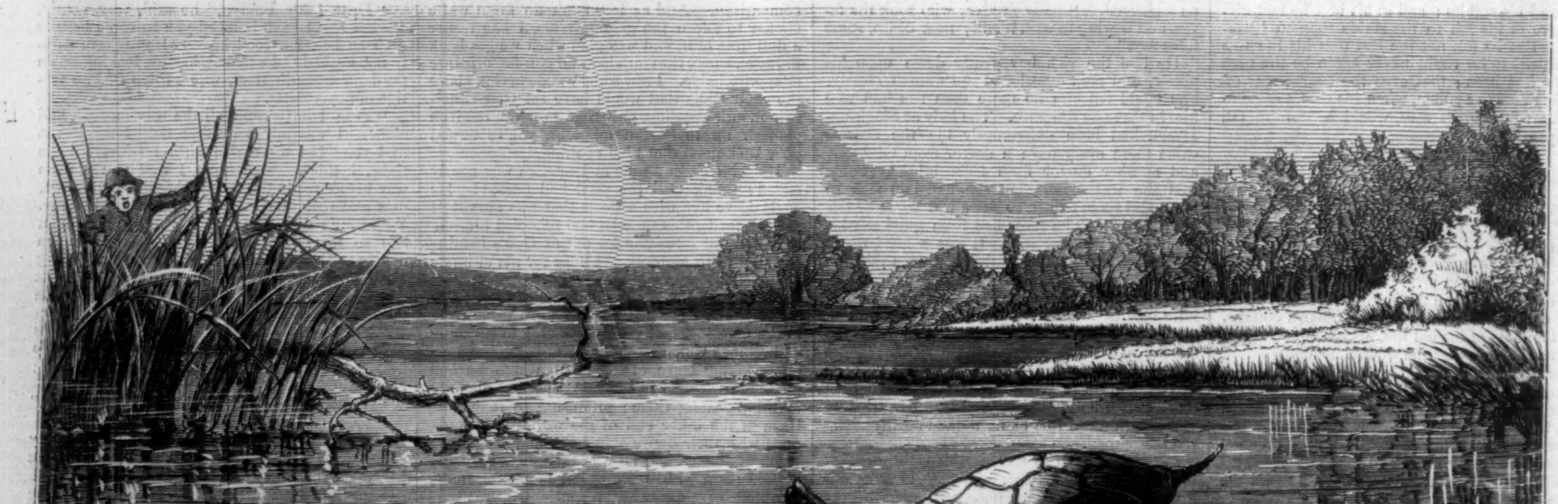
What was this? the delirium of fever? He had been told that the fever had passed, that she was almost well. They had deceived him, evidently; they denied his right to know what progress she made toward recovery or toward death. They had mocked him with their lying messages.

He put her shawl round her, and drew her into the house. He could keep her here long enough for her to rest and refresh herself, while a messenger went to Slogh-na-Dyack to fetch a carriage to convey her home. This was obviously his duty. She had talked wildly of her jailers; she had entreated him not to deliver her up to them; yet his first act must needs be in a manner to betray her. His duty was clearly to restore her into the hands of her friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



H. I. H. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE-ALEXANDROVNA OF RUSSIA, BETROTHED TO H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



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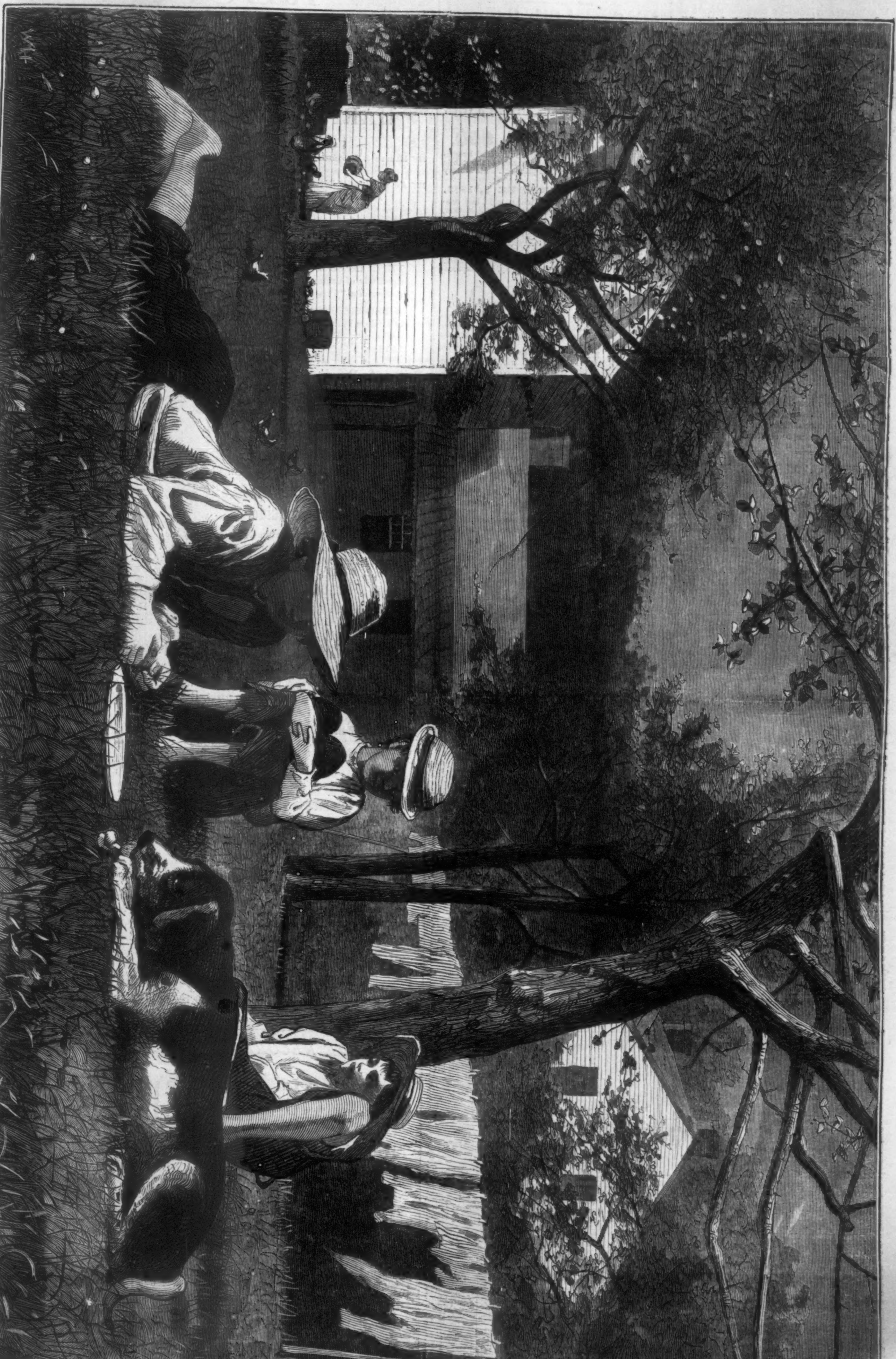

THE NOONING.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 726.]

THE NOONING.

Mr. Winslow Homer's beautiful picture on page 725 is redolent of midsummer. The fragrance of new-mown hay seems wafted to us from under the shadow of the great trees where the boys and their companion, the good-natured burly farm dog, are taking a pleasant nooning together on the grass. It is a picture to move the envy of weary city clerks, whose "nooning" is a hasty lunch at some hot and crowded restaurant counter, amidst unsavory fumes from the adjacent kitchen. Hard and laborious as a farmer's life may be, and in the eyes of supercilious people coarse and "ungenteel," it is a thousand times more manly and independent than the ordinary routine of clerk life in the city. It would be well for our country if the thousands of young men whom false pride, ambition, and aversion to manual labor drive into the over-crowded city in search of situations could disabuse their minds of the idea that farm-work is degrading. This is one of the greatest evils of the day. All our large cities are crowded with young men who earn a bare subsistence as clerks, who live in comfortless boarding-houses, and who can never hope to better their condition, while the farmers throughout the country complain that they can scarcely procure the laborers necessary to harvest their crops. The offer of good wages and pleasant homes would seem to be a powerful temptation to young men who hold precarious situations in the city, where they can earn barely enough to feed, lodge, and clothe themselves; but ask a clerk in a dry-goods store to leave his counter for the harvest field, and see what answer you will get. He would rather stand there every day of the year all his life than engage in the more healthful and independent pursuits of the farm. We must trust to the progress of science and invention, in their application to agriculture, to correct this evil in time.

GROWTH OF ALGÆ IN AQUARIA.

Charbonnier has called attention to what he states to be a fact, that when aquaria are exposed to light, the glass sometimes becomes coated with green algæ in the course of two or three days, while at other times five or six, or even eight or ten, days are needed for the same result. He noticed that every month the vegetation has its maximum of intensity at the time of the full moon, while there is almost none of it at the new moon. At full moon a daily cleaning is needed, whereas outside of this period even once or twice a week will be sufficient. In explanation he remarks that vegetable germs lying at the bottom of the water are raised in sunlight by the gas bubbles which they then give off, and which continue attached to them for some time. When night comes on, the bubbles disappear, and the plants sink again, but if there is strong moonlight, the production of gas continues, and they are kept floating; hence the superabundance met with at full moon.

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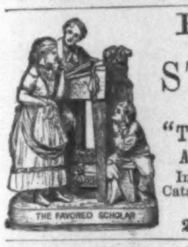

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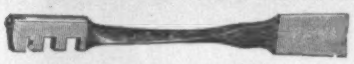

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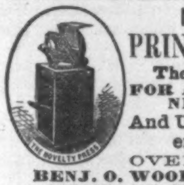

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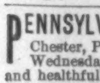

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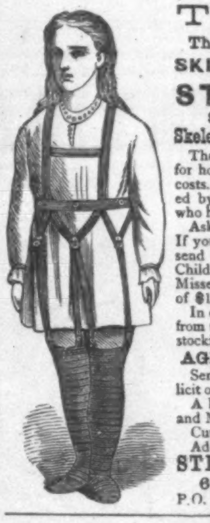

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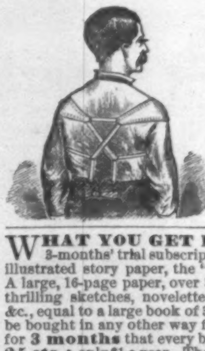

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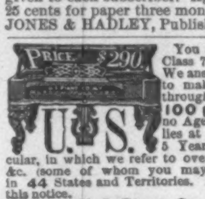

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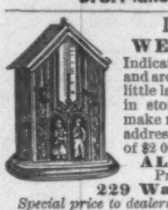

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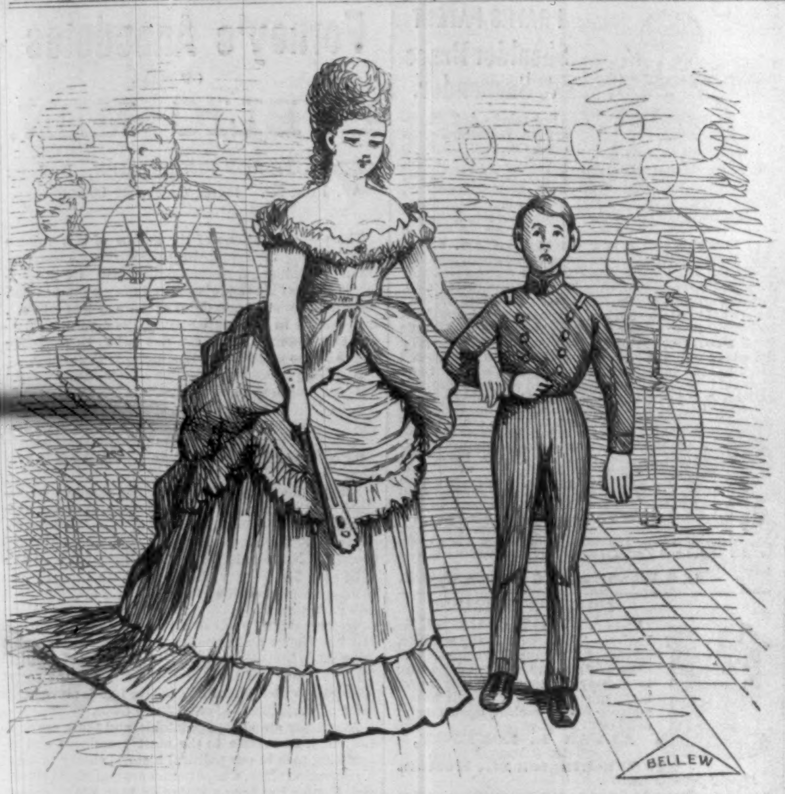

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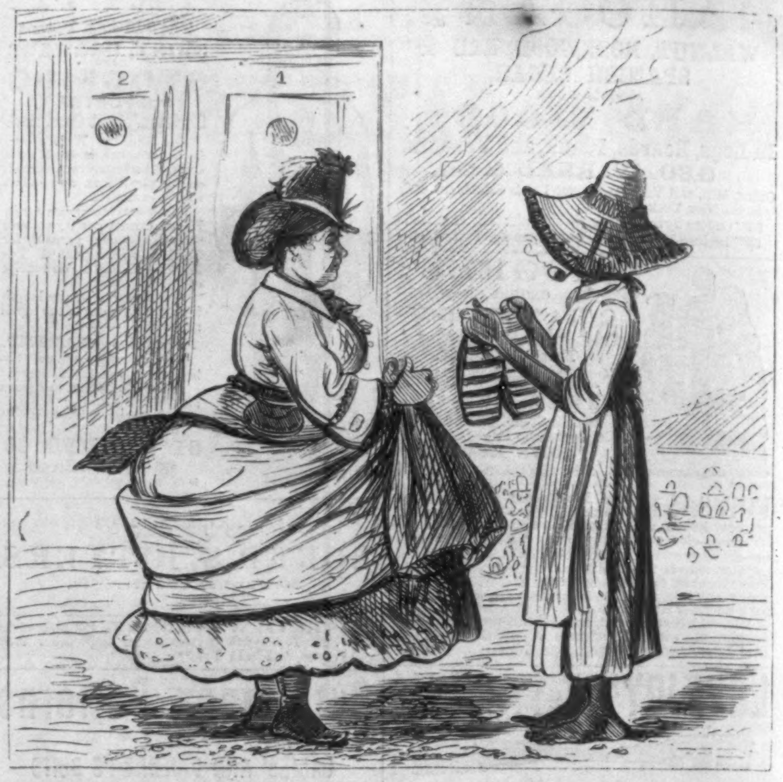

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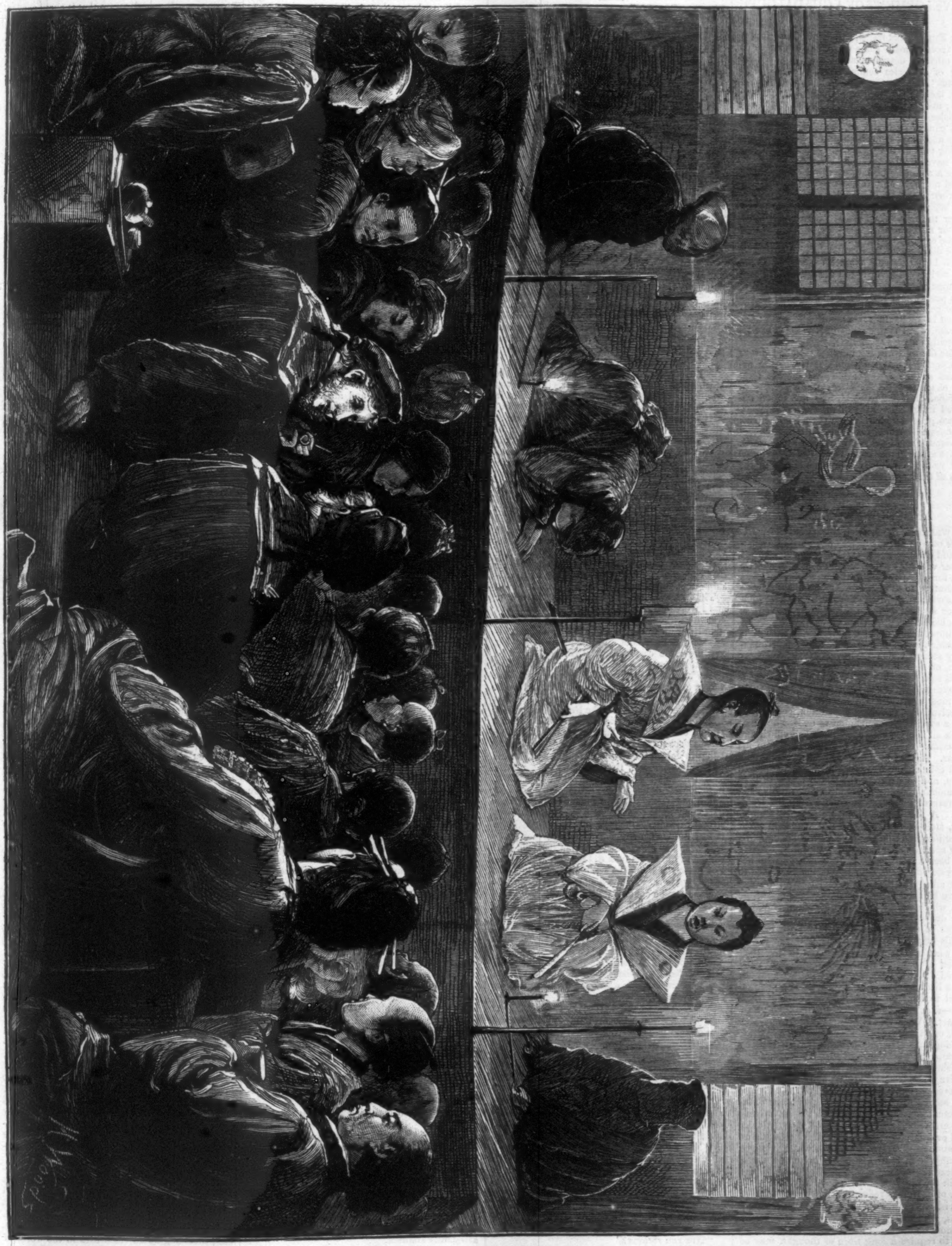
A JAPANESE THEATRE.

THE Japanese theatre is one of the very few types of old Japan which yet exist. One may see there the natives and their manners—the reality in the audience, and the imitation in the actors—as one rarely sees them elsewhere. The language is the old, almost obsolete Japanese of 500 years back; the scenes represented are from Japanese life of the same period; yet the interest is unflagging, and every person seems to be at the theatre for the sake of seeing and hearing the plays, and not, as is too often the case in this country, to see each other and to hear the gossip about town. The stage arrangements are very peculiar to our eyes, and at the same time excessively well adapted to the style of performance. The stage proper is circular, and is turned completely round by means of a windlass beneath, thus avoiding any hitch in the course of the performance. The two individuals at the sides in black, and veiled, are supposed to be invisible; their unceasing duty is to follow the chief actors with a long rod on which is a candle to light up his movements; otherwise, from the extreme deficiency in lighting apparatus, the performers would be barely visible.

Behind the gratings on either side musicians keep up throughout a weird music with the "cogo," fife, and drums. The audience squat on mats, and smoke, drink tea, and eat sweets the whole time. At half past eleven all is over: no matter if it be the middle of a piece, at half past eleven the curtain is drawn across, and the audience disappear; very frequently the thread of a play thus cut short is taken up again on the following night.

The Japanese are a theatre-loving people, and parties often spend hours and hours watching either a succession of plays or one interminable piece of ancient history, with wars and battles innumerable. Many of the fair sex, too, notwithstanding the absence of all refined or elaborate scenic appliances, listen with breathless attention to heart-rending passages of love and murder, weeping bitterly all the time. Says the author of *Three Years in Japan:*

"When at Nagasaki one of the Dutch residents gave me an instance within his own personal knowledge of the simple and child-like faith with which they allow a conviction of the reality to take possession of them. A friend of his met one of the young females in his establishment coming in one day, in a state of the greatest trouble and grief, sobbing as though her heart would break. 'Why, what is the matter, *Hana?*' (flower, a common female appellation) 'what has befallen you?' 'Oh, I am so miserable!' sobbed out the desolate one. 'They have killed him, they have killed him! that poor lover—the husband caught him, and ran his sword through his body.' 'Who did? where was it? and what had you to do with it?' he asked, conceiving it was some domestic tragedy which had taken



INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.

place in the neighborhood, any lack of chastity of their wives being, according to Japanese law and custom, punishable by instant death. 'Oh! oh! at the play!' 'Why, you little fool, it is all sham; he has not been killed at all, the fine gallant, and is most likely very busy eating his rice.' 'Oh no, he *is* killed indeed, indeed! I *saw* the sword go into his body as he fell.'"

DEVELOPMENT OF A GUADALOUPE FROG.

A FRENCH naturalist, resident in Guadaloupe, has recently made some curious observations on the mode of development of a small terrestrial frog, of a species common in the West Indian islands (*Hylodes martinicensis*). It is very abundant both in fully grown and very small examples; and as the observer could not discover any tadpoles, his curiosity was excited to learn whence they came. The shores of the island are precipitous and the streams all torrents, frequently dry during part of the year, so that the eggs could not have been deposited in these; moreover, there are no suitable lakes in the island, and they could not have survived in the surf of the sea. He then proceeded to examine a number of egg-like bodies, common in damp places, in packets under the forest leaves. They are about three to four millimeters in diameter, much too large for the egg of such a frog.

He discovered that these inclosed a cavity, in which he observed a minute tadpole with four legs and a tail, revolving in the fluid which surrounded it. This communicated with the air by a pore, which passed outward through an exterior gelatinous enlargement. The tadpole continued its rotary movements until it issued from its case, when it was discovered to have lost its tail within a very short time.

The observer will ask whether this frog always possessed this habit, or whether it was not assumed on the island taking its present form and character through volcanic and other phenomena. Similar modifications are to be observed in tree-toads which inhabit dry regions. In two genera their eggs are placed in the back (*Nototrema opisthodelphys*), and the integument surrounds them by a fold until they are covered, except at the hinder end. Other tree-frogs hatch their young in water, which accumulates in the axils of the large leaves of some palms.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A WRITER in the London *Quarterly Review* adduces many pretty instances of affection, sagacity, and cunning in dogs. A dog deserted by his master will take some cast-off garment and lie on it for days; the sight of the cleaning of guns preparatory to the 12th of August fills him with rapturous anticipations of sport; the taking up a hat or stick makés him leap for joy. As it is probable he has dreams in which are reproduced the impressions made on his memory, so it is probable that when waking he may follow imaginary scenes, which the memorative faculty, or hope, or fear may depict on the imagination. He is said to distinguish at a glance a tramp or a swell-mob's man from a gentleman, even in the most soiled attire. He will steal away unperceived on a poaching expedition, perhaps invite a serviceable companion to assist him, and, when all is over, steal back into the kennel, and sometimes even wriggle his head back into his collar. A dog which once saw his master drop a gold coin on the floor is related to have picked it up, and to have sat the whole day with it in his mouth, refusing to eat any thing till his master returned, for fear he should drop the treasure. A poodle puppy, unable to resist temptation, stole a pigeon out of a pie, and, to avoid detection, filled up the hole with a bit of damp inky sponge taken from a writing-table. A dog has been known to simulate a quarrel with another dog outside a door into which he wished to gain admission, because a real quarrel the day before had led to that result. The story of the dog, which, being discarded by his master, was seen deliberately to stand gazing at the rushing waters of the Loire, then painfully lift himself on his crippled legs, and leap into the water, and when a stick was stretched out to him, gave a look of despair, turned his head away, and floated down without an effort to save himself, has a little of poetry in it, but we are not prepared to deny any thing except the consciousness—*i. e.*, real deliberation or the intention of the act. With this exception, there is nothing here, or in much more wonderful stories of the cunning and affection of animals, that is at all inconsistent with the theory we lay down. The combinations of direct perception, feeling, memorative and estimative power, and adaptations to the ever-changing circumstances of their life are only second to the variations of operations of intellectual life. The difference is that in animals the perception is of the individual and particular good or evil, and that the operations that lead to the wonderful variety of the acts which so much resemble men are without reflex consciousness, whereas the human mind perceives the good and evil, in the abstract at least, implicitly, and is capable of conscious reflection in its acts. And if we wish to realize in some sense the state of beasts, we have only to remember that many of our most complicated acts, which in themselves seem to require a long train of thought, may be performed unconsciously by the mere force of habit. What is thus an occasional state in us is in a certain sense the normal state of beasts, who have not the power of consciousness, but for whom nature supplies that concatenation of sensitive operations which in us minister to our intellect, but would have been sufficient for our animal nature, and are all that is given to beasts.

(Continued from No. 866, page 683.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK EIGHTH.

CHAPTER II.

THE Marquis de Rochebriant was seated in his pleasant apartment, glancing carelessly at the envelopes of many notes and letters lying yet unopened on his breakfast-table. He had risen late at noon, for he had not gone to bed till dawn. The night had been spent at his club—over the card-table—by no means to the pecuniary advantage of the Marquis. The reader will have learned through the conversation recorded in a former chapter between De Mauléon and Enguerrand de Vandemar that the austere *Seigneur Breton* had become a fast *Viveur* of Paris. He had long since spent the remnant of Louvier's premium of £1000, and he owed a year's interest. For this last there was an excuse—M. Collot, the contractor, to whom he had been advised to sell the yearly fall of his forest trees, had removed the trees, but had never paid a *sou* beyond the preliminary deposit; so that the revenue, out of which the mortgagee should be paid his interest, was not forth-coming. Alain had instructed M. Hébert to press the contractor; the contractor had replied that if not pressed he could soon settle all claims, if pressed he must declare himself bankrupt. The Chevalier de Finisterre had laughed at the alarm which Alain conceived when he first found himself in the condition of debtor for a sum he could not pay—creditor for a sum he could not recover.

"*Bagatelle!*" said the Chevalier. "Tschu! Collot, if you give him time, is as safe as the Bank of France, and Louvier knows it. Louvier will not trouble you—Louvier, the best fellow in the world. I'll call on him and explain matters."

It is to be presumed that the Chevalier did so explain, for though both at the first, and quite recently at the second default of payment, Alain received letters from M. Louvier's professional agent as reminders of interest due, and as requests for its payment, the Chevalier assured him that these applications were formalities of convention—that Louvier, in fact, knew nothing about them; and when dining with the great financier himself, and cordially welcomed and called "*Mon cher,*" Alain had taken him aside and commenced explanation and excuse, Louvier had cut him short. "*Peste!* don't mention such trifles. There is such a thing as business—that concerns my agent; such a thing as friendship—that concerns me. *Allez!*"

Thus M. de Rochebriant, confiding in debtor and in creditor, had suffered twelve months to glide by without much heed of either, and more than lived up to an income amply sufficient, indeed, for the wants of an ordinary bachelor, but needing more careful thrift than could well be expected from the head of one of the most illustrious houses in France, cast so young into the vortex of the most expensive capital in the world.

The poor Marquis glided into the grooves that slant downward, much as the French Marquis of tradition was wont to slide; not that he appeared to live extravagantly, but he needed all he had for his pocket-money, and had lost that dread of being in debt which he had brought up from the purer atmosphere of Bretagne.

But there were some debts which, of course, a Rochebriant must pay—debts of honor—and Alain had on the previous night incurred such a debt, and must pay it that day. He had been strongly tempted, when the debt rose to the figure it had attained, to risk a change of luck; but whatever his imprudence, he was incapable of dishonesty. If the luck did not change, and he lost more, he would be without means to meet his obligations. As the debt now stood, he calculated that he could just discharge it by the sale of his *coupé* and horses. It is no wonder he left his letters unopened, however charming they might be; he was quite sure they would contain no check which would enable him to pay his debt and retain his equipage.

The door opened, and the valet announced M. le Chevalier de Finisterre—a man with smooth countenance and *air distingué*, a pleasant voice and perpetual smile.

"Well, *mon cher,*" cried the Chevalier, "I hope that you recovered the favor of Fortune before you quitted her green-table last night. When I left she seemed very cross with you."

"And so continued to the end," answered Alain, with well-simulated gayety—much too *bon gentilhomme* to betray rage or anguish for pecuniary loss.

"After all," said De Finisterre, lighting his cigarette, "the uncertain goddess could not do you much harm; the stakes were small, and your adversary, the Prince, never goes double or quits."

"Nor I either. 'Small,' however, is a word of relative import; the stakes might be small to you, to me large. *Entre nous, cher ami*, I am at the end of my purse, and I have only this consolation—I am cured of play; not that I leave the complaint—the complaint leaves me; it can no more feed on me than a fever can feed on a skeleton."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as a mourner who has just buried his all."

"His all? Tut, with such an estate as Rochebriant!"

For the first time in that talk Alain's countenance became overcast.

"And how long will Rochebriant be mine? You know that I hold it at the mercy of the mortgagee, whose interest has not been paid, and who could, if he so pleased, *issue notice*, take proceedings—that—"

"*Peste!*" interrupted De Finisterre; "Louvier take proceedings! Louvier, the best fellow in the world! But don't I see his handwriting on that envelope? No doubt an invitation to dinner."

Alain took up the letter thus singled forth from a miscellany of epistles, some in female handwritings, unsealed but ingeniously twisted into Gordian knots; some also in female handwritings, carefully sealed; others in ill-looking envelopes, addressed in bold, legible, clerk-like caligraphy. Taken altogether, these epistles had a character in common; they betokened the correspondence of a "*viveur*"—regarded from the female side as young, handsome, well-born; on the male side as a *viveur* who had forgotten to pay his hosier and tailor.

Louvier wrote a small, not very intelligible, but very masculine hand, as most men who think cautiously and act promptly do write. The letter ran thus:

"*Cher petit Marquis*" (at that commencement Alain haughtily raised his head and bit his lips).

"*Cher petit Marquis,*—It is an age since I have seen you. No doubt my humble *soirées* are too dull for a *beau seigneur* so courted. I forgive you. Would I were a *beau seigneur* at your age! Alas! I am only a commonplace man of business, growing old, too aloft from the world in which I dwell. You can scarcely be aware that I have embarked a great part of my capital in building speculations. There is a Rue de Louvier that runs its drains right through my purse. I am obliged to call in the moneys due to me. My agent informs me that I am just 7000 louis short of the total I need—all other debts being paid in—and that there is a trifle more than 7000 louis owed to me as interest on my *hypothèque* on Rochebriant: kindly pay into his hands before the end of this week that sum. You have been too lenient to Collot, who must owe you more than that. Send agent to him. *Désolé* to trouble you, and am *au désespoir* to think that my own pressing necessities compel me to urge you to take so much trouble. *Mais que faire?* The Rue de Louvier stops the way, and I must leave it to my agent to clear it.

"Accept all my excuses, with the assurance of my sentiments the most cordial.

"PAUL LOUVIER."

Alain tossed the letter to De Finisterre. "Read that from the best fellow in the world."

The Chevalier laid down his cigarette and read. "*Diable!*" he said, when he returned the letter and resumed the cigarette—"*Diable!* Louvier must be much pressed for money, or he would not have written in this strain. What does it matter? Collot owes you more than 7000 louis. Let your lawyer get them, and go to sleep with both ears on your pillow."

"Ah! you think Collot can pay if he will?"

"*Ma foi!* did not M. Gandrin tell you that M. Collot was safe to buy your wood at more money than any one else would give?"

"Certainly," said Alain, comforted. "Gandrin left that impression on my mind. I will set him on the man. All will come right, I dare say; but if it does not come right, what would Louvier do?"

"Louvier do?" answered Finisterre, reflectively. "Well, do you ask my opinion and advice?"

"Earnestly, I ask."

"Honestly, then, I answer. I am a little on the Bourse myself—most Parisians are. Louvier has made a gigantic speculation in this new street, and with so many other irons in the fire he must want all the money he can get at. I dare say that if you do not pay him what you owe, he must leave it to his agent to take steps for announcing the sale of Rochebriant. But he detests scandal; he hates the notion of being severe; rather than that, in spite of his difficulties, he will buy Rochebriant of you at a better price than it can command at public sale. Sell it to him. Appeal to him to act generously, and you will flatter him. You will get more than the old place is worth. Invest the surplus—live as you have done, or better—and marry an heiress. *Morbleu!* a Marquis de Rochebriant, if he were sixty years old, would rank high in the matrimonial market. The more the democrats have sought to impoverish titles and laugh down historical names, the more do rich democrat fathers-in-law seek to decorate their daughters with titles and give their grandchildren the heritage of historical names. You look shocked, *pauvre ami*. Let us hope, then, that Collot will pay. Set your dog—I mean your lawyer—at him; seize him by the throat!"

Before Alain had recovered from the stately silence with which he had heard this very practical counsel the valet again appeared, and ushered in M. Frederic Lemercier.

There was no cordial acquaintance between the visitors. Lemercier was chafed at finding himself supplanted in Alain's intimate companionship by so new a friend, and De Finisterre affected to regard Lemercier as a would-be exquisite of low birth and bad taste. Alain, too, was a little discomposed at the sight of Lemercier, remembering the wise cautions which that old college friend had wasted on him at the commencement of his Parisian career, and smitten with vain remorse that the cautions had been so arrogantly slighted.

It was with some timidity that he extended his hand to Frederic, and he was surprised as well as moved by the more than usual warmth with which it was grasped by the friend he had long neglected. Such affectionate greeting was scarcely in keeping with the pride which characterized Frederic Lemercier.

"*Ma foi!*" said the Chevalier, glancing toward the clock, "how time flies! I had no idea it was so late. I must leave you now, my dear Rochebriant. Perhaps we shall meet at the club later—I dine there to day. *Au plaisir*, M. Lemercier."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the door had closed on the Chevalier, Frederic's countenance became very grave. Drawing his chair near to Alain, he said: "We have not seen much of each other lately—nay, no excuses; I am well aware that it could scarcely be otherwise. Paris has grown so large and so subdivided into sets that the best friends belonging to different sets become as divided as if the Atlantic flowed between them. I come today in consequence of something I have just heard from Duplessis. Tell me, have you got the money for the wood you sold to M. Collot a year ago?"

"No," said Alain, falteringly.

"Good Heavens! none of it?"

"Only the deposit of ten per cent., which, of course, I spent, for it formed the greater part of my income. What of Collot? Is he really unsafe?"

"He is ruined, and has fled the country. His flight was the talk of the Bourse this morning. Duplessis told me of it."

Alain's face paled. "How is Louvier to be paid? Read that letter!"

Lemercier rapidly scanned his eye over the contents of Louvier's letter.

"It is true, then, that you owe this man a year's interest—more than 7000 louis?"

"Somewhat more—yes. But that is not the first care that troubles me—Rochebriant may be lost, but with it not my honor. I owe the Russian Prince 300 louis, lost to him last night at *écarté*. I must find a purchaser for my *coupé* and horses; they cost me 600 louis last year—do you know any one who will give me three?"

"Pooh! I will give you six; your *alezan* alone is worth half the money!"

"My dear Frederic, I will not sell them to you on any account. But you have so many friends—"

"Who would give their soul to say, 'I bought these horses of Rochebriant.' Of course I do. Ha! young Rameau—you are acquainted with him?"

"Rameau! I never heard of him!"

"Vanity of vanities, then what is fame! Rameau is the editor of *Le Sens Commun*. You read that journal!"

"Yes, it has clever articles, and I remember how I was absorbed in the eloquent *roman* which appeared in it."

"Ah! by the Signora Cicogna, with whom I think you were somewhat smitten last year."

"Last year—was I? How a year can alter a man! But my debt to the Prince. What has *Le Sens Commun* to do with my horses?"

"I met Rameau at Savarin's the other evening. He was making himself out a hero and a martyr; his *coupé* had been taken from him to assist in a barricade in that senseless *émeute* ten days ago; the *coupé* got smashed, the horses disappeared. He will buy one of your horses and *coupé*. Leave it to me! I know where to dispose of the other two horses. At what hour do you want the money?"

"Before I go to dinner at the club!"

"You shall have it within two hours; but you must not dine at the club to-day. I have a note from Duplessis to invite you to dine with him to-day!"

"Duplessis! I know so little of him!"

"You should know him better. He is the only man who can give you sound advice as to this difficulty with Louvier, and he will give it the more carefully and zealously because he has that enmity to Louvier which one rival financier has to another. I dine with him too. We shall find an occasion to consult him quietly; he speaks of you most kindly. What a lovely girl his daughter is!"

"I dare say. Ah! I wish I had been less absurdly fastidious. I wish I had entered the army as a private soldier six months ago; I should have been a corporal by this time! Still it is not too late. When Rochebriant is gone, I can yet say with the *Mousquetaire* in the mélodrame, 'I am rich—I have my honor and my sword!'"

"Nonsense! Rochebriant shall be saved; meanwhile I hasten to Rameau. *Au revoir*, at the Hôtel Duplessis—seven o'clock."

Lemercier went, and in less than two hours sent the Marquis bank-notes for 600 louis, requesting an order for the delivery of the horses and carriage.

That order written and signed, Alain hastened to acquit himself of his debt of honor, and contemplating his probable ruin with a lighter heart, presented himself at the Hôtel Duplessis.

Duplessis made no pretensions to vie with the magnificent existence of Louvier. His house, though agreeably situated and flatteringly styled the Hôtel Duplessis, was of moderate size, very unostentatiously furnished; nor was it accustomed to receive the brilliant motley crowds which assembled in the salons of the elder financier.

Before that year, indeed, Duplessis had confined such entertainments as he gave to quiet men of business, or a few of the more devoted and loyal partisans of the imperial dynasty; but since Valérie came to live with him he had extended his hospitalities to wider and livelier circles, including some celebrities in the world of art and letters as well as of fashion. Of the party assembled that evening at dinner were Isaura, with the Signora Venosta, one of the imperial ministers, the Colonel whom Alain had already met at Lemercier's supper, *Députés* (ardent Imperialists), and the Duchesse de Tarascon; these, with Alain and Frederic, made up the party. The conversation was not particularly gay. Duplessis himself, though an exceedingly well-read and able man, had not the genial accomplishments of a brilliant host. Constitutionally grave and habitually taciturn—though there were moments in which he was roused out of his wonted self into eloquence or wit—he seemed to-day absorbed in some engrossing train of thought. The minister, the *Députés*, and the Duchesse de Tarascon talked politics, and ridiculed the trumpery *émeute* of the 14th; exulted in the success of the Plébiscite; and admitting, with indignation, the growing strength of Prussia—and with scarcely less indignation, but more contempt, censuring the selfish egotism of England in disregarding the due equilibrium of the European balance of power—hinted at the necessity of annexing Belgium as a set-off against the results of Sadowa.

Alain found himself seated next to Isaura—to the woman who had so captivated his eye and fancy on his first arrival in Paris.

Remembering his last conversation with Graham nearly a year ago, he felt some curiosity to ascertain whether the rich Englishman had proposed to her, and if so, been refused or accepted.

The first words that passed between them were trite enough, but after a little pause in the talk, Alain said:

"I think *mademoiselle* and myself have an acquaintance in common—Monsieur Vane, a distinguished Englishman. Do you know if he be in Paris at present? I have not seen him for many months."

"I believe he is in London: at least Colonel Morley met, the other day, a friend of his who said so."

Though Isaura strove to speak in a tone of indifference, Alain's ear detected a ring of pain in her voice; and watching her countenance, he was impressed with a saddened change in its expression. He was touched, and his curiosity was mingled with a gentler interest as he said, "When I last saw M. Vane I should have judged him to be too much under the spell of an enchantress to remain long without the pale of the circle she draws around her."

Isaura turned her face quickly toward the speaker, and her lips moved, but she said nothing audibly.

"Can there have been quarrel or misunderstanding?" thought Alain; and after that question his heart asked itself, "Supposing Isaura were free, her affections disengaged, could he wish to woo and to win her?" and his heart answered, "Eighteen months ago thou wert nearer to her than now. Thou wert removed from her forever when thou didst accept the world as a barrier between you; then, poor as thou wert, thou wouldst have preferred her to riches. Thou wert then sensible only of the ingenuous impulses of youth; but the moment thou saidst, 'I am Rochebriant, and having once owned the claims of birth and station, I can not renounce them for love,' Isaura became but a dream. Now that ruin stares thee in the face—now that thou must grapple with the sternest difficulties of adverse fate—thou hast lost the poetry of sentiment which could alone give to that dream the colors and the form of human life." He could not again think of that fair creature as a prize that he might even dare to covet. And as he met her inquiring eyes, and saw her quivering lip, he felt instinctively that Graham was dear to her, and that the tender interest with which she inspired himself was untroubled by one pang of jealousy. He resumed:

"Yes, the last time I saw the Englishman he spoke with such respectful homage of one lady, whose hand he would deem it the highest reward of ambition to secure, that I can not but feel deep compassion for him if that ambition has been foiled; and thus only do I account for his absence from Paris."

"You are an intimate friend of Mr. Vane's?"

"No, indeed, I have not that honor; our acquaintance is but slight, but it impressed me with the idea of a man of vigorous intellect, frank temper, and perfect honor."

Isaura's face brightened with the joy we feel when we hear the praise of those we love.

At this moment Duplessis, who had been observing the Italian and the young Marquis, for the first time during dinner, broke silence.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said, addressing Isaura across the table, "I hope I have not been correctly informed that your literary triumph has induced you to forego the career in which all the best judges concur that your successes would be no less brilliant; surely one art does not exclude another."

Elated by Alain's report of Graham's words, by the conviction that these words applied to herself, and by the thought that her renunciation of the stage removed a barrier between them, Isaura answered, with a sort of enthusiasm:

"I know not, M. Duplessis, if one art excludes another—if there be desire to excel in each. But I have long lost all desire to excel in the art you refer to, and resigned all idea of the career in which it opens."

"So M. Vane told me," said Alain, in a whisper.

"When?"

"Last year, on the day that he spoke in terms of admiration so merited of the lady whom M. Duplessis has just had the honor to address."

All this while Valérie, who was seated at the further end of the table beside the minister, who had taken her in to dinner, had been watching, with eyes the anxious tearful sorrow of which none but her father had noticed, the low-voiced confidence between Alain and the friend whom till that day she had so enthusiastically loved. Hitherto she had been answering in monosyllables all attempts of the great man to draw her into conversation; but now, observing how Isaura blushed and looked down, that strange faculty in women which we men call dissimulation, and which in them is truthfulness to their own nature, enabled her to carry off the sharpest anguish she had ever experienced by a sudden burst of levity of spirit. She caught up some commonplace the minister had adapted to what he considered the poverty of her understanding with a quickness of satire which startled that grave man, and he gazed at her astonished. Up to that moment he had secretly admired her as a girl well brought up—as girls fresh from a French convent are supposed to be; now, hearing her brilliant rejoinder to his stupid observation, he said, inly, "*Dame!* the low birth of a financier's daughter shows itself."

But, being a clever man himself, her retort put him on his mettle, and he became, to his own amazement, brilliant himself. With that matchless quickness which belongs to Parisians, the guests around him seized the new *esprit de conversation* which had been evoked between the statesman and the child-like girl beside him; and as they caught up the ball, lightly flung among them, they thought within themselves how much more sparkling the financier's pretty, lively daughter was than that dark-eyed young muse, of whom all the journalists of Paris were writing in a chorus of welcome and applause, and who seemed not to have a word to say worth listening to, excepting to the handsome young Marquis, whom, no doubt, she wished to fascinate.

Valérie fairly outshone Isaura in intellect and in wit; and neither Valérie nor Isaura cared, to the value of a bean straw, about that distinction. Each was thinking only of the prize which the humblest peasant women have in common with the most brilliantly accomplished of their sex—the heart of a man beloved.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the Continent generally, as we all know, men do not sit drinking wine together after the ladies retire. So when the signal was given, all the guests adjourned to the salon, and Alain quitted Isaura to gain the ear of the Duchesse de Tarascon.

"It is long—at least long for Paris life," said the Marquis, "since my first visit to you, in company with Enguerrand de Vandemar. Much that you then said rested on my mind, disturbing the prejudices I took from Bretagne."

"I am proud to hear it, my kinsman."

"You know that I would have taken military service under the Emperor but for the regulation which would have compelled me to enter the ranks as a private soldier."

"I sympathize with that scruple; but you are aware that the Emperor himself could not have ventured to make an exception even in your favor."

"Certainly not. I repent me of my pride; perhaps I may enlist still in some regiment sent to Algiers."

"No; there are other ways in which a Rochebriant can serve a throne. There will be an office at court vacant soon, which would not misbecome your birth."

"Pardon me—a soldier serves his country, a courtier owns a master; and I can not take the livery of the Emperor, though I could wear the uniform of France."

"Your distinction is childish, my kinsman," said the Duchesse, impetuously. "You talk as if the Emperor had an interest apart from the nation. I tell you that he has not a corner of his heart—not even one reserved for his son and his dynasty—in which the thought of France does not predominate."

"I do not presume, *Madame la Duchesse*, to question the truth of what you say; but I have no reason to suppose that the same thought does not predominate in the heart of the Bourbon. The Bourbon would be the first to say to me, 'If France needs your sword against her foes, let it not rest in the scabbard.' But would the Bourbon say, 'The place of a Rochebriant is among the *Valetaille* of the Corsican's successor?'"

"Alas for poor France!" said the Duchesse; "and alas for men like you, my proud cousin, if the Corsican's successors or successor be—"

"Henry V.?" interrupted Alain, with a brightening eye.

"Dreamer! No! Some descendant of the mob-kings who gave Bourbons and nobles to the *guillotine*."

While the Duchesse and Alain were thus conversing, Isaura had seated herself by Valérie, and, unconscious of the offense she had given, addressed her in those pretty caressing terms with which young lady friends are wont to compliment each other; but Valérie answered curtly or sarcastically, and turned aside to converse with the minister. A few minutes more and the party began to break up. Lemercier, however, detained Alain, whispering, "Duplessis will see us on your business so soon as the other guests have gone."

CHAPTER V.

"MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS," said Duplessis, when the salon was cleared of all but himself and the two friends, "Lemercier has confided to me the state of your affairs in connection with M. Louvier, and flatters me by thinking my advice may be of some service; if so, command me."

"I shall most gratefully accept your advice," answered Alain, "but I fear my condition defies even your ability and skill."

"Permit me to hope not, and to ask a few necessary questions. M. Louvier has constituted himself your sole mortgagee; to what amount, at what interest, and from what annual proceeds is the interest paid?"

Herewith Alain gave details already furnished to the reader. Duplessis listened, and noted down the replies.

"I see it all," he said, when Alain had finished. "M. Louvier had predetermined to possess himself of your estate: he makes himself sole mortgagee at a rate of interest so low that I tell you fairly, at the present value of money, I doubt if you could find any capitalist who would accept the transfer of the mortgage at the same rate. This is not like Louvier, unless he had an object to gain; and that object is your land. The revenue from your estate is derived chiefly from wood, out of which the interest due to Louvier is to be paid. M. Gandrin, in a skillfully guarded letter, encourages you to sell the wood from your forests to a man who offers you several thousand francs more than it could command from customary buyers. I say nothing against M. Gandrin; but every man who knows Paris as I do knows that M. Louvier can put, and has put, a great deal of money into M. Gandrin's pocket. The purchaser of your wood does not pay more than his deposit, and has just left the country insolvent. Your purchaser, M. Collot, was an adventurous speculator; he would have bought any thing at any price, provided he had time to pay; if his speculations had been lucky, he would have paid. M. Louvier knew, as I knew, that M. Collot was a gambler, and the chances were that he would not pay. M. Louvier allows a year's interest on his *hypothèque* to become due—notice thereof duly given to you by his agent—now you come under the operation of the law. Of course you know what the law is?"

"Not exactly," answered Alain, feeling frostbitten by the congealing words of his counselor; "but I take it for granted that if I can not pay the interest of a sum borrowed on my property, that property itself is forfeited."

"No, not quite that—the law is mild. If the interest, which should be paid half yearly, remains unpaid at the end of a year, the mortgagee has a right to be impatient, has he not?"

"Certainly he has."

"Well, then, *on fait un commandement tendant à saisie immobilière*—viz., the mortgagee gives a notice that the property shall be put up for sale. Then it *is* put up for sale, and in most cases the mortgagee buys it in. Here, certainly, no competitors in the mere business way would vie with Louvier; the mortgage at three and a half per cent. covers more than the estate is apparently worth. Ah! but stop, M. le Marquis; the notice is not yet served; the whole process would take six months from the day it is served to the taking possession after the sale; in the mean while, if you pay the interest due, the action drops. *Courage, M. le Marquis!* Hope yet, if you condescend to call me friend."

"And me," cried Lemercier; "I will sell out of my railway shares to-morrow—see to it Duplessis—enough to pay off the damnable interest. See to it, *mon ami*."

"Agree to that, M. le Marquis, and you are safe for another year," said Duplessis, folding up the paper on which he had made his notes, but fixing on Alain quiet eyes half concealed under drooping lids.

"Agree to that!" cried Rochebriant, rising—"agree to allow even my worst enemy to pay for me moneys I could never hope to repay—agree to allow the oldest and most confiding of my friends to do so—M. Duplessis, never! If I carried the porter's knot of an Auvergnat, I should still remain *gentilhomme* and *Breton*."

Duplessis, habitually the dryest of men, rose with a moistened eye and flushing cheek. "Monsieur le Marquis, vouchsafe me the honor to shake hands with you. I, too, am by descent *gentilhomme*, by profession a speculator on the Bourse. In both capacities I approve the sentiment you have uttered. Certainly if our friend Frederic lent you 7000 louis or so this year, it would be impossible for you even to foresee the year in which you could repay it; but," here Duplessis paused a minute, and then lowering the tone of his voice, which had been somewhat vehement and enthusiastic, into that of a colloquial good fellowship, equally rare to the measured reserve of the financier, he asked, with a lively twinkle of his gray eye, "did you never hear, Marquis, of a little encounter between me and M. Louvier?"

"Encounter at arms—does Louvier fight?" asked Alain, innocently.

"In his own way he is always fighting; but I speak metaphorically. You see this small house of mine—so pinched in by the houses next to it that I can neither get space for a ball-room for Valérie, nor a dining-room for more than a friendly party like that which has honored me to-day. *Eh bien!* I bought this house a few years ago, meaning to buy the one next to it, and throw the two into one. I went to the proprietor of the next house, who, as I knew, wished to sell. 'Aha!' he thought, 'this is the rich Monsieur Duplessis;' and he asked me 2000 louis more than the house was worth. We men of business can not bear to be too much cheated—a little cheating we submit to, much cheating raises our gall. *Bref*—this was on Monday. I offered the man one thousand louis above the fair price, and gave him till Thursday to decide. Somehow or other Louvier hears of this. 'Hillo!' says Louvier; 'here is a financier who desires a hôtel to vie with mine!' He goes on Wednesday to my next-door neighbor. 'Friend, you want to sell your house. I want to buy—the price?' The proprietor, who does not know him by sight, says, 'It is as good as sold. M. Duplessis and I shall agree.' 'Bah! What sum did you ask M. Duplessis?' He names the sum—2000 louis more than he can get elsewhere. 'But M. Duplessis will give me the sum.' 'You asked too little. I will give you three thousand. A fig for M. Duplessis! I am Monsieur Louvier.' So when I call on Thursday the house is sold. I reconciled myself easily enough to the loss of space for a larger dining-room; but though Valérie was then a child at a convent, I was sadly disconcerted by the thought that I could have no *salle de bal* ready for her when she came to reside with me. Well, I say to myself, patience; I owe M. Louvier a good turn; my time to pay him off will come. It does come, and very soon. M. Louvier buys an estate near Paris—builds a superb villa. Close to his property is a rising forest ground for sale. He goes to the proprietor. Says the proprietor to himself, 'The great Louvier wants this,' and adds five thousand louis to its market price. Louvier, like myself, can't bear to be cheated egregiously. Louvier offers 2000 louis more than the man could fairly get, and leaves him till Saturday to consider. I hear of this—speculators hear of every thing. On Friday night I go to the man and I give him 6000 louis, where he had asked 5000. Fancy Louvier's face the next day! But there my revenge only begins," continued Duplessis, chuckling inwardly. "My forest looks down on the villa he is building. I only wait till his villa is built, in order to send to my architect and say, 'Build me a villa at least twice as grand as M. Louvier's, then clear away the forest trees, so that every morning he may see my palace dwarfing into insignificance his own.'"

"Bravo!" cried Lemercier, clapping his hands. Lemercier had the spirit of party, and felt for Duplessis against Louvier much as in England Whig feels against Tory, or *vice versa*.

"Perhaps now," resumed Duplessis, more soberly—"perhaps now, M. le Marquis, you may understand why I humiliate you by no sense of obligation if I say that M. Louvier shall not be the Seigneur de Rochebriant if I can help it. Give me a line of introduction to your Breton lawyer and to mademoiselle your aunt. Let me have your letters early to-morrow. I will take the afternoon train. I know not how many days I may be absent, but I shall not return till I have carefully examined the nature and conditions of your property. If I see my way to save your estate, and give a *mauvais quart d'heure* to Louvier, so much the better for you, M. le Marquis; if I can not, I will say, frankly, 'Make the best terms you can with your creditor.'"

"Nothing can be more delicately generous than the way you put it," said Alain; "but pardon me if I say that the pleasantry with which you narrate your grudge against M. Louvier does not answer its purpose in diminishing my sense of obligation." So, linking his arm in Lemercier's, Alain made his bow and withdrew.

When his guests had gone, Duplessis remained seated in meditation—apparently pleasant meditation, for he smiled while indulging it; he then passed through the reception-rooms to one at the far end, appropriated to Valérie as a boudoir or morning-room, adjoining her bed-chamber; he knocked gently at the door, and all remaining silent within, he opened it noiselessly and entered. Valérie was reclining on the sofa near the window, her head drooping, her hands clasped on her knees. Duplessis neared her with tender, stealthy steps, passed his arm round her, and drew her head toward his bosom. "Child!" he murmured, "my child! my only one!"

At that soft loving voice, Valérie flung her arms round him, and wept aloud like an infant in trouble. He seated himself beside her, and wisely suffered her to weep on till her passion had exhausted itself; he then said, half fondly, half chidingly: "Have you forgotten our conversation only three days ago? Have you forgotten that I then drew forth the secret of your heart? Have you forgotten what I promised you in return for your confidence? And a promise to you have I ever yet broken?"

"Father! father! I am so wretched, and so ashamed of myself for being wretched! Forgive me. No, I do not forget your promise, but who can promise to dispose of the heart of another?—and that heart will never be mine. But bear with me a little; I shall soon recover."

"Valérie, when I made you the promise you now think I can not keep, I spoke only from that conviction of power to promote the happiness of a child which nature implants in the heart of parents; and it may be also from the experience of my own strength of will, since that which I have willed I have always won. Now I speak on yet surer ground. Before the year is out you shall be the beloved wife of Alain de Rochebriant. Dry your tears and smile on me, Valérie. If you will not see in me mother and father both, I have double love for you, motherless child of her who shared the poverty of my youth, and did not live to enjoy the wealth which I hold as a trust for that heir to mine all which she left me."

As this man thus spoke you would scarcely have recognized in him the cold saturnine Duplessis, his countenance became so beautified by the one soft feeling which care and contest, ambition and money-seeking, had left unaltered in his heart. Perhaps there is no country in which the love of parent and child, especially of father and daughter, is so strong as it is in France; even in the most arid soil, among the avaricious, even among the profligate, it forces itself into flower. Other loves fade away in the heart of the true Frenchman, that parent love blooms to the last.

Valérie felt the presence of that love as a divine protecting guardianship. She sank on her knees and covered his hand with grateful kisses.

"Do not torture yourself, my child, with jealous fears of the fair Italian. Her lot and Alain de Rochebriant's can never unite; and whatever you may think of their whispered converse, Alain's heart, at this moment, is too filled with anxious troubles to leave one spot in it accessible even to a frivolous gallantry. It is for us to remove these troubles; and then, when he turns his eyes toward you, it will be with the gaze of one who beholds his happiness. You do not weep now, Valérie!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

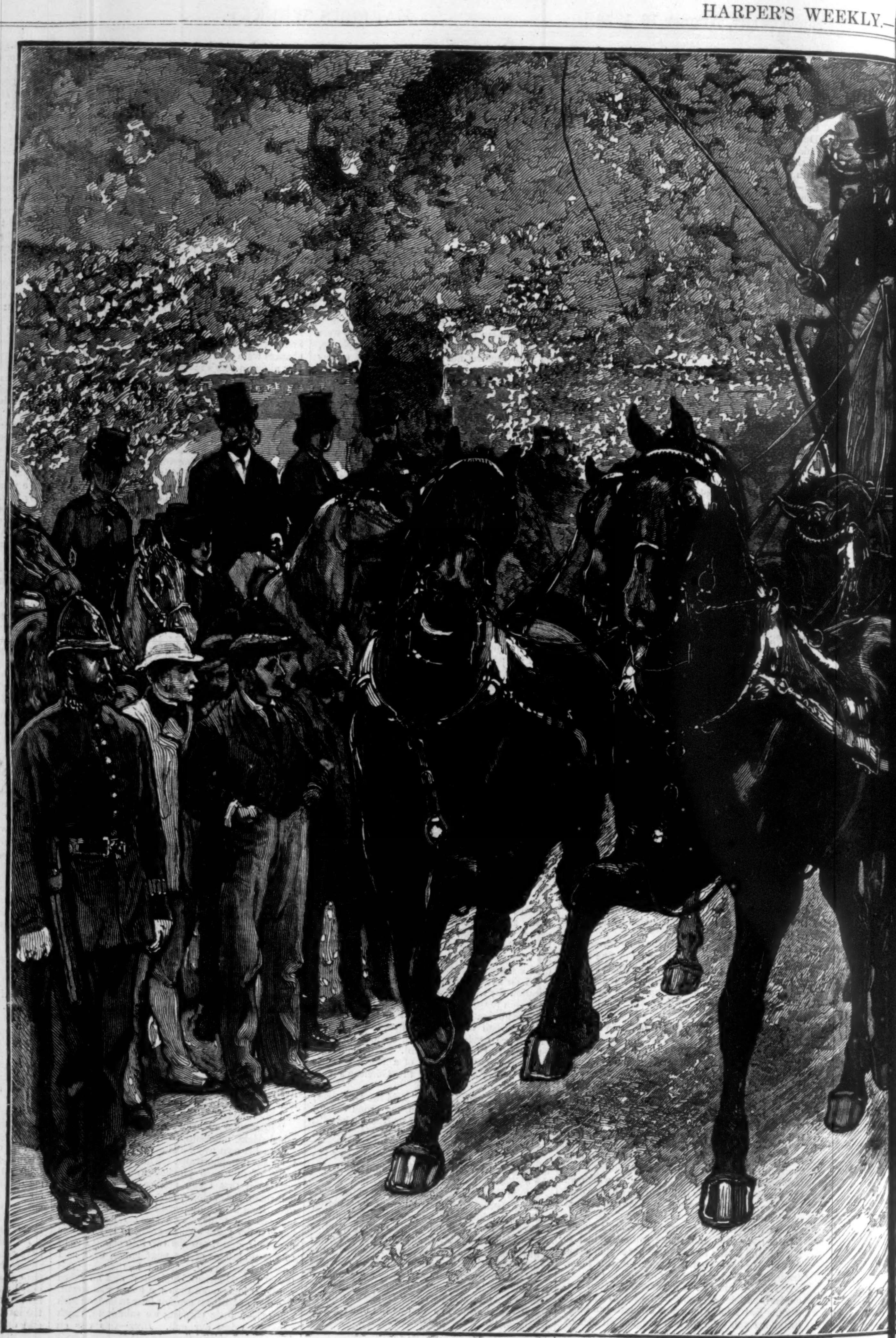
Those gloomy vaticinators who prophesied that George Stephenson's locomotive would within another generation render that noble animal the horse as extinct as the dodo ought to confess themselves thoroughly mistaken, provided any of them are still alive to make the confession. Every civilized country is gridironed over with iron roads to an extent exceeding Stephenson's most sanguine expectations. Yet horses abound, though far dearer than they used to be. In our own country the old-fashioned stage-coach is still to be found in many rural districts; and in England the once famous coaches still leave the White Horse Cellar and other well-known hostelries for pleasant excursions through the Home counties, while the young English dandies are as anxious as any of their forefathers to earn the reputation of being skillful handlers of the "ribbons." It is true that they have not the same opportunity for acquiring dexterity in this respect that a former generation possessed when there was a mail-coach on every highway, but still there are some wonderfully good whips among the men of the present era.

The Four-in-hand Club of London is a famous and fashionable society, patronized by gentlemen of wealth and rank. The first meet of this club for this year took place on the 13th of May last, on a bright but rather chilly afternoon. All the fashionable and, we may add, all the horse-loving world thronged to see the show, whose attractions were enhanced by the presence of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and by 5 P.M. there was an unrivaled concentration of wealth, rank, and beauty under the chestnut-trees by the Magazine in Hyde Park. There were carriages in rank upon rank, ladies in the pathway, and ladies on horseback; color every where, and beauty at each turn; pedestrians, loungers, grooms, and aristocrats; lovers of horses and lovers of sport; and in the midst of the brilliant throng the seventeen coaches, drawn up in order with their matchless horses, whose coats were groomed to the perfection of satin. The coaches having been inspected by the King and Queen of the Belgians, they started off in procession, and this was the picture of the day. The start forward of all the drags in the afternoon sun, the young coachmen on the boxes, and their friends on the roofs, the smiling faces of the lady passengers, the after-rush of a cavalcade of horsemen and horsewomen, and the continuous line of well-appointed carriages—all this was thoroughly appreciated by the enthusiastic crowd. As soon as the coaches had passed, the glory of the day had departed, for a pitiless east wind was blowing, and by 6.15 the Row, which just before had been so crowded, was almost deserted.

SOME WELSH LEGENDS.

Many traditions still circulate in the secluded villages and farm-houses of Wales which are still unwritten, or have only lately been committed to writing. The spread of education, the growing circulation of English literature, and with that the decline of the Welsh as a spoken tongue, are facts that are gradually obliterating the memory of such of these legends as still remain, "llafar gwlad"—that is, "told among the people." Many of those that have already been published are of considerable interest; and for that reason we lay a few of them before our readers, in the hope that narratives the recital of which has whiled away many a winter evening amidst the Welsh mountains may help to pass an idle hour of some who speak another tongue.

As usual among mountaineers, who are generally more imaginative or more superstitious than dwellers in less romantic regions, these fireside stories deal largely with love, war, and the supernatural—fairies, ghosts, giants, and monsters. Examples taken from one or two of these classes must suffice at present. Those given are from *Y Gordovigion* and *Cymru Fu*, two Welsh publications, in which they have lately appeared. The first will probably suggest recollections of the immortal Rip Van Winkle, whose story, in one form or another, is to be found in the legendry lore of so many nations.



THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB

OWAIN AND THE FAIRIES.

Owain and Dafydd were on their way to the harvest field one evening to resume the task of gathering in the corn—a duty rendered urgent by the need of making the best of the harvest-moon, then at its brightest. They took food with them for their evening meal.

"Boy," said Owain to his companion, "would it not be well that I should run to Cemaes at supper-time to get my shoes from the cobbler? Our master is not likely to come to us to-night, and even if he should, I can get back in time to resume work after supper."

"Yes, you can easily do that," was the answer.

Supper-time having come, Owain put his bread and cheese in his pocket and started on his errand. After going some distance he perceived close to his path a circle of little men and women, some of grotesque and all of playful aspect. At the sight he was, of course, greatly frightened; but after pausing a moment to recover breath, he summoned courage to approach them, and on doing so saw a little woman of rare beauty in the midst of the group. She was so surpassingly fair that honest Owain was quite smitten by her charms. Seeing his attention fixed on herself, she ran from among the fairy crowd, and, clasping her soft arms round his neck, invited him to join them; to which he joyfully assented, for his fears had now left him, and he thought only of this, the loveliest creature of her sex he had ever seen. Long was the time he spent in company of his new friends—company so delightful that he forgot the lapse of time. But at last, remembering his duty, and fearing that Dafydd might need his help, or that his employer might come to the field and discover his absence, he unwillingly returned without going to Cemaes.

When he reached the field the scene was wholly changed. His fellow-servant was not there. The field was a pasture, in which cattle were quietly grazing. While wondering at this a keen sense of hunger came over him. Putting his hand into his pocket for the food he had brought, he found it hard as a stone. On going to the farm-house, he found there, not his master's household, but strangers, to whom he was as unknown as they to him. Utterly bewildered, he started to look for a lodging at the house of some neighbors, and on his way met one whose appearance seemed in some way familiar. They both hesitated a moment, until Owain asked,

"Are you Dafydd?"

"Yes," was the ans
Surely not Owain?"

"Yes, I am Owain.

"Why, where did y

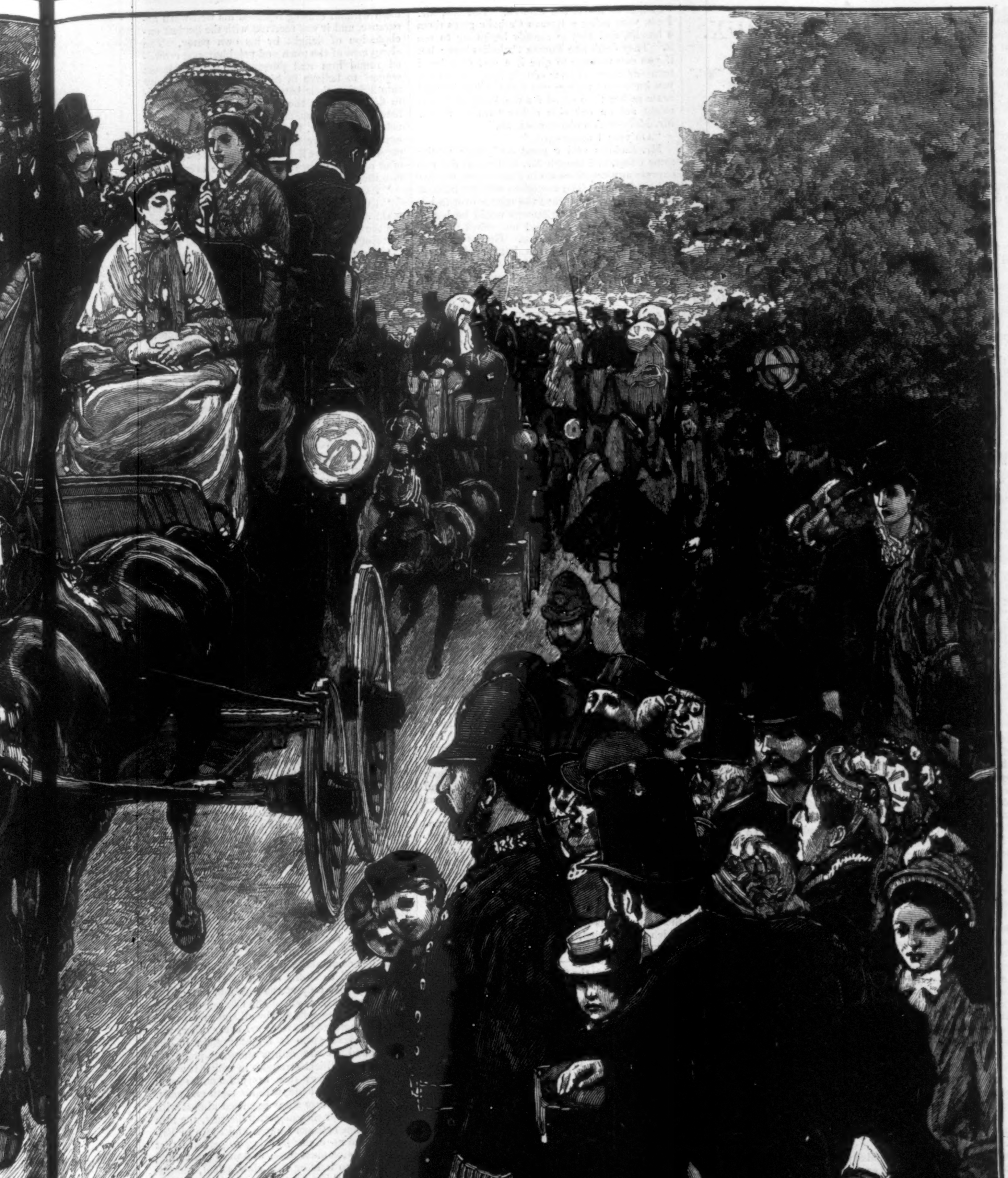
"Take me home w
How long is that ago

"Well," rejoined I
have been married fif
away five years before

"What became of

"The shoe-maker k
up for lost, and then s

They started for
Owain on the way t
ences of twenty years



D CLUB IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.

vas the ans . "But who are you?
Owain?"
am Owain.
where did go to that evening?"
me home w you, and I'll tell you.
s that ago?
rejoined fydd, "let me see. I
married fif en years, and you went
ears before at."
became of shoes?"
hoe-maker pt them till we gave you
and then s them."
arted for fydd's home together,
the way te ng Dafydd his experi-
venty years th the fairies, and hear-

ing of the many changes that had taken place while he was away.

THE CRUSADER'S WEDDING.

Euronwy, one of the fairest of her sex, was the only child of a Welsh noble who dwelt in Lleyn, not far from Aberdaron. Arthur's home was not far, and there were but few dwellings between the two houses. Both children being nearly the same age, and of similar worldly position, the two were playmates from their earliest years. In due time they passed from playmates to lovers; but, before they married, it was decided that Arthur, who longed for military glory, should go away to fight under the banner of the Cross for a while. Soon after his departure a fierce war broke out between the English and Welsh. A force of English invaders pushed their way into Lleyn, and beset the home of the beautiful Euronwy. In those stormy times the houses of country gentlemen were meant more for strongholds than pleasaunces; so the invaders found that, in attacking this mansion, they had undertaken no easy task—more especially as the two families, in addition to the strength of their houses, had plenty of sturdy retainers. The home of Euronwy would probably have fallen a prey to the foe if a strong force had not been sent by Arthur's father to assail the enemy in the rear. The manœuvre succeeded. The English were beaten off, many of them being taken and cast into the dungeons provided for the accommodation of prisoners of war. Among these captives was a young English knight named Alfred, who remained in the custody of Euronwy's father. One result of this was that he fell desperately in love with the young Welsh beauty; and when at last he was set at liberty, he told her of his love, and resolved to make her his wife or perish in the attempt. Now in those days there was a class of traveling harpers who passed from house to house, being every where gladly received for the sake of their mastery of an instrument of which the Welsh were passionately fond. Few guests were more welcome than the wandering minstrel. Some time after the parting of Alfred and Euronwy a traveling harper came to the door and played some of those airs which are never sweeter than when performed on the instrument for which they were first composed. Alfred—for the disguised harper was no other—at once became a favored guest. He had been at the pains of learning to play the harp for the express purpose of carrying off the girl who had so completely won his heart.

Circumstances favored his plan. Euronwy was accustomed to go in the early twilight to walk to and fro along the path on which she had parted with the absent Arthur, and of this habit Alfred decided to avail himself. He had previously arranged that a strong force of his friends should land at Aberdaron whenever he sent them word to come. The next step was to frequent this path at the hour when Euronwy was to be found there. Ere long she—unsuspecting evil—began to take more pleasure in his society than her absent lover would have liked, if he had been there to see; and often, in the long summer evenings, would the harper play his instrument, while Euronwy sat by listening. As he gained her confidence, by degrees she told him of Arthur, that he was away in the Crusade, and that at a fixed time he would return to claim her for his bride. She besought the disguised knight to await the lover's return, in order to play his harp at the wedding. Alfred assenting, delayed the arrival of his friends, arranging that they should arrive on the very day of Arthur's return; for he hoped in this way to snatch her, as it were, from the very arms of her lover, so that by such an achievement his prowess might be more conspicuously displayed.

In due time the allies came, bringing with them the treacherous harper's horse and armor. Having met Euronwy as usual, and perceiving that they were near, he played his harp as a signal for their advance, and then, leaving the girl for a moment, went aside into a copse, cast off his disguise, and assumed his martial attire. Returning with some armed men, he seized Euronwy, put her on a horse, and, accompanied by the new-comers, sped away to Aberdaron.

While Alfred carried out this part of his wicked scheme, others went for the priest of Aberdaron, and brought him to the church, compelling him, sword in hand, to hold himself ready for the marriage. Meanwhile Arthur had returned and sought his love, who, he was told, had not come back from her evening walk. To await her return, he joined her father, and sat down to tell his adventures; and, as might be supposed, time sped swiftly with his hearers, until at last even their interest in the story of the returned crusader gave way to anxiety about the girl.

They sought her, but without success. Arthur's feelings may be imagined. But he had been through a school in which he had learned to displace vain regrets by swift action. He promptly called together a band of mounted retainers, and away they sped in search, Arthur with brandished sword urging them on. At the cross-roads they met an old man coming from Aberdaron, who, in answer to their hasty inquiries, told them that a band of horsemen had passed him going that way, and that they had with them a woman whose face was covered. On they went; and as they approached the church they could see that, late as was the hour, there was a light inside. Hastily dismounting, Arthur rushed past the English soldiers who guarded the porch, and bursting into the church, he saw Euronwy on the point of being forcibly married to the English knight who stood by her side. Both men at once saw what was before them. At the same instant they drew sword. Then began a deadly duel at the very altar. At last Arthur, with one mighty stroke, cleft his rival through helmet and skull, and Alfred fell dead on the floor. Euronwy's father, who had arrived by this time, ordered the priest to proceed with the service. Thus weirdly were Arthur and Euronwy reunited forever after their long separation, while he who had all but robbed the crusader of his love lay dead at his feet.

THE FAIRY BRIDE.

The valley which extends from Hafod Ruffydd to Llyn y Dywarchen is called the Fairies' Land, because they might formerly be always seen in some part of it at full moon. In the vale there dwelt a fine young fellow, who spent much more of his time in their company than was good for him. The reason was that he was in love with one of them.

One night, when they met near his home, he joined them as usual; and, in the excitement of love, he seized his fair one, carried her off by main force, and, having brought her to his home, exerted all his arts of persuasion to induce her not to return. At length, overcome by his entreaties, she promised to stay at his house as a servant, and to become his wife if he could find out her name within a fixed time. He, of course, began to guess at every conceivable name he could think of, but without success. When almost at his wits' end, and nearly frantic at the prospect of losing his love after all, he chanced one night to be on his way home from market at a rather late hour, when, passing the very spot whence he had carried her off, he perceived a group of fairies, not engaged in their usual pastimes, but seemingly in earnest consultation. He stole along the bed of a stream until within hearing, and then found that they were talking about the abduction of their companion. One of them exclaimed,

"Bronwen, Bronwen, why didst thou leave us to marry a mortal?"

This was truly an ample reward for trailing through the stream, and away he sped homeward, light of heel as of heart.

As soon as he reached home he joyously addressed Bronwen by name. She was much grieved at his discovery of her secret, but promised to stay with him as a servant. She was not long allowed to remain in so humble a position, but at length became his wife.

Once more she made a condition that he should never touch her with iron. This condition was long observed; but one day, when about to saddle his horse, he accidentally touched her with the bit, and she vanished forever from his sight.

THE NEGLECTED HEART.

IN dusky alleys, where the rose is overblown,
Whose perfume makes the dewy air its own;
Where, faint and white, from dazzling height o'er height,
The stars lean down into the silent night;
Like some sad flower that blooms and drops unknown
I wait, unto sweet Love indifferent grown!

If Love had met me when the rose was young,
And stars in morning skies divinely sung;
If Love had met me loitering by the road,
Or lent a hand across the slippery ford,
Or cried, "Sweet soul, one precious moment stay!"
Should I have found the heart to say him "Nay?"

But since the rose drops blighted, overblown,
And every leaf the autumn winds dethrone;
Since Love forget the way unto my door,
I watch and wait his coming never more.
No beggar lives so hunger-hurt, I trust,
As I, to whom Love once denied a crust.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THERE is, perhaps, no name in literature which has been more *répandu* in the world during the last fifty years, and none which conveys more lively recollections of amusement and frolic, of breathless story-telling and equally breathless interest, of boundless invention and daring defiance of all the laws of probability, than the name which stands at the head of this paragraph. Nowhere out of the *Arabian Nights* has such a flood of story poured through the world as from the lips of the half-African Frenchman, the wild, lavish, extravagant, and headlong genius, whose very prodigality has been made an argument, of the strangest kind, against him. Perhaps the present generation has so far lost the first impression of the Mousquetaires' wonderful adventures as to associate the name more distinctly with those volumes of "delicate" analysis and philosophical immorality, beyond the reach of decency or shame, by which his son has earned something which, nowadays, is considered reputation. We should be sorry to place the fame of our old favorite, *bizarre* as was his life, and multitudinous as is the literary scandal current about him, upon the same level. Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils* are as different as are this rude but hopeful earth and an obscene hell. The first has sinned much against every standard, but has done so by accident, by fits and starts, by the impulse of high spirits and natural impetuosity. So far as we are aware, he has never been depraved, only indifferent, in a historical way, to moral evil. But to the other moral evil is all that life contains of interest; it is the staple of his thought, the inspiration of his fancy. In all the round of human existence there is nothing which attracts him, nothing which he thinks worthy of comment, and the analysis for which he is famous, but the infamous varieties of unclean passion, and the base intrigues of sensuality. If, then, there should be any youthful reader to whom, unhappily, the name of the old romancer has become identified with that of the so-called moralist, the historian-in-chief of all the detestable *nuances* of vice, the favorite of a public which we in our ignorance accept as representing France, though it represents nothing but the weakness, misery, and shame of that much-tried country, let him learn to make acquaintance with a spirit infinitely better, brighter, and more genial, the old Dumas, faultiest of men and authors, most extravagant spendthrift of brain and purse alike, the brilliant, headlong, vain, friendly, and foolish man of letters, who was the parable of his time—to whom, perhaps, we can give but little respectful homage, but to whom we owe more innocent amusement than to almost any other writer of his generation.

We would not, however, have it supposed that in saying this we are setting up Alexandre Dumas as a model writer, or recommending his works as a moral regimen for the young. Nothing could be further from our intention. All that we venture to assert is that he is purity itself and good taste itself in comparison with the more recent and much more pretentious school of fiction which has openly dedicated itself to the study and elucidation of vice, and which is generally meant when the contemptuous phrase "French novel" drops from our lips.

(Continued from No. 867, page 707.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

TANKERVILLE.

THE great Mr. Molescroft himself came over to Tankerville for the purpose of introducing our hero to the electors and to Mr. Ruddles, the local Liberal agent, who was to be employed. They met at the Lambton Arms, and there Phineas established himself, knowing well that he had before him ten days of unmitigated vexation and misery. Tankerville was a dirty, prosperous, ungainly town, which seemed to exude coal-dust or coal-mud at every pore. It was so well recognized as being dirty that people did not expect to meet each other with clean hands and faces. Linen was never white at Tankerville, and even ladies who sat in drawing-rooms were accustomed to the feel and taste and appearance of soot in all their daintiest recesses. We hear that at Oil City the flavor of petroleum is hardly considered to be disagreeable, and so it was with the flavor of coal at Tankerville. And we know that at Oil City the flavor of petroleum must not be openly declared to be objectionable, and so it was with coal at Tankerville. At Tankerville coal was much loved, and was not thought to be dirty. Mr. Ruddles was very much begrimed himself, and some of the leading Liberal electors, upon whom Phineas Finn had already called, seemed to be saturated with the product of the district. It would not, however, in any event be his duty to live at Tankerville, and he had believed from the first moment of his entrance into the town that he would soon depart from it, and know it no more. He felt that the chance of his being elected was quite a forlorn hope, and could hardly understand why he had allowed himself to be embarrassed by so very unprofitable a speculation.

Phineas Finn had thrice before this been chosen to sit in Parliament—twice for the Irish borough of Loughshane, and once for the English borough of Loughton; but he had been so happy as hitherto to have known nothing of the miseries and occasional hopelessness of a contested election. At Loughton he had come forward as the nominee of the Earl of Brentford, and had been returned without any chance of failure by that nobleman's influence. At Loughshane things had nearly been as pleasant with him. He had almost been taught to think that nothing could be easier than getting into Parliament if only a man could live when he was there. But Loughton and Loughshane were gone, with so many other comfortable things of old days, and now he found himself relegated to a borough to which, as it seemed to him, he was sent to fight, not that he might win, but because it was necessary to his party that the seat should not be allowed to be lost without fighting. He had had the pleasant things of Parliamentary adventure, and now must undergo those which were unpleasant. No doubt he could have refused, but he had listened to the tempter, and could not now go back, though Mr. Ruddles was hardly more encouraging than Mr. Molescroft.

"Browborough has been at work for the last three days," said Mr. Ruddles, in a tone of reproach. Mr. Ruddles had always thought that no amount of work could be too heavy for his candidates.

"Will that make much difference?" asked Mr. Molescroft.

"Well, it does. Of course he has been among the colliers—when we ought to have been before him."

"I came when I was told," said Phineas.

"I'd have telegraphed to you if I'd known where you were. But there's no help for spilled milk. We must get to work now—that's all. I suppose you're for disestablishing the Church?"

"Not particularly," said Phineas, who felt that with him, as a Roman Catholic, this was a delicate subject.

"We needn't go into that, need we?" said Mr. Molescroft, who, though a Liberal, was a good Churchman.

Mr. Ruddles was a Dissenter, but the very strong opinion which Mr. Ruddles now expressed as to the necessity that the new candidate should take up the Church question did not spring at all from his own religious convictions. His present duty called upon him to have a Liberal candidate if possible returned for the borough with which he was connected, and not to disseminate the doctrines of his own sect. Nevertheless, his opinion was very strong. "I think we must, Mr. Molescroft," said he; "I'm sure we must. Browborough has taken up the other side. He went to church last Sunday with the Mayor and two of the Aldermen, and I'm told he said all the responses louder than any body else. He dined with the Vicar of Trinity on Monday. He has been very loud in denouncing Mr. Finn as a Roman Catholic, and has declared that every thing will be up with the State if Tankerville returns a friend and supporter of the Pope. You'll find that the Church will be the cry here this election. You can't get any thing by supporting it, but you may make a strong party by pledging yourself to disendowment."

"Wouldn't local taxation do?" asked Mr. Molescroft, who, indeed, preferred almost any other reform to disendowment.

"I have made up my mind that we must have some check on municipal expenditure," said Phineas.

"It won't do—not alone. If I understand the borough, the feeling at this election will altogether be about the Church. You see, Mr. Finn, your being a Roman Catholic gives them a handle, and they're already beginning to use it. They don't like Roman Catholics here; but if you can manage to give it a sort of Liberal turn—as many of your constituents used to do, you know—as though you disliked Church and State rather than cared for the Pope, maybe it might act on our side rather than on theirs. Mr. Molescroft understands it all."

"Oh yes; I understand."

Mr. Ruddles said a great deal more to the same effect, and though Mr. Molescroft did not express any acquiescence in these views, neither did he dissent. The candidate said but little at this interview, but turned the matter over in his mind. A seat in Parliament would be but a barren honor, and he could not afford to offer his services for barren honor. Honest political work he was anxious to do, but for what work he did he desired to be paid. The party to which he belonged had, as he knew, endeavored to avoid the subject of the disendowment of the Church of England. It is the necessary nature of a political party in this country to avoid, as long as it can be avoided, the consideration of any question which involves a great change. There is a consciousness on the minds of leading politicians that the pressure from behind, forcing upon them great measures, drives them almost quicker than they can go, so that it becomes a necessity with them to resist rather than to aid the pressure which will certainly be at last effective by its own strength. The best carriage-horses are those which can most steadily hold back against the coach as it trundles down the hill. All this Phineas knew, and was of opinion that the Barrington Erles and Ratlers of his party would not thank him for ventilating a measure which, however certain might be its coming, might well be postponed for a few years. Once already in his career he had chosen to be in advance of his party, and the consequences had been disastrous to him. On that occasion his feelings had been strong in regard to the measure upon which he broke away from his party; but, when he first thought of it, he did not care much about Church disendowment.

But he found that he must needs go as he was driven, or else depart out of the place. He wrote a line to his friend Erle, not to ask advice, but to explain the circumstances. "My only possible chance of success will lie in attacking the Church endowments. Of course I think they are bad, and of course I think that they must go. But I have never cared for the matter, and would have been very willing to leave it among those things which will arrange themselves. But I have no choice here." And so he prepared himself to run his race on the course arranged for him by Mr. Ruddles. Mr. Molescroft, whose hours were pressing, soon took his leave, and Phineas Finn was placarded about the town as the sworn foe to all Church endowments.

In the course of his canvass, and the commotions consequent upon it, he found that Mr. Ruddles was right. No other subject seemed at the moment to have any attraction in Tankerville. Mr. Browborough, whose life had not been passed in any strict obedience to the Ten Commandments, and whose religious observances had not hitherto interfered with either the pleasures or the duties of his life, repeated at every meeting which he attended, and almost to every elector whom he canvassed, the great Shibboleth which he had now adopted—"The prosperity of England depends on the Church of her people." He was not an orator. Indeed, it might be hard to find a man, who had for years been conversant with public life, less able to string a few words together for immediate use. Nor could he learn half a dozen sentences by rote. But he could stand up with unabashed brow and repeat with enduring audacity the same words a dozen times over—"The prosperity of England depends on the Church of her people." Had he been asked whether the prosperity which he promised was temporal or spiritual in its nature, not only could he not have answered, but he would not in the least have understood the question. But the words as they came from his mouth had a weight which seemed to insure their truth, and many men in Tankerville thought that Mr. Browborough was eloquent.

Phineas, on the other hand, made two or three great speeches every evening, and astonished even Mr. Ruddles by his oratory. He had accepted Mr. Ruddles's proposition with but lukewarm acquiescence, but in the handling of the matter he became zealous, fiery, and enthusiastic. He explained to his hearers with gracious acknowledgment that Church endowments had undoubtedly been most beneficient in past times. He spoke in the interests of no special creed. Whether in the so-called Popish days of Henry VIII. and his ancestors, or in the so-called Protestant days that had followed, the state of society had required that spiritual teaching should be supplied from funds fixed and devoted to the purpose. The increasing intelligence and population of the country made this no longer desirable—or, if desirable, no longer possible. Could these endowments be increased to meet the needs of the increasing millions? Was it not the fact that even among members of the Church of England they were altogether inefficient to supply the wants of our great towns? Did the people of Tankerville believe that the clergymen of London, of Liverpool, and of Manchester were paid by endowments? The arguments which had been efficacious in Ireland must be efficacious in England.

The Browboroughites were considerably astonished by his success. The colliers on this occasion did not seem to regard the clamor that was raised against Irish Papists. Much dirt was thrown and some heads were broken; but Phineas persevered. Mr. Ruddles was lost in admiration. They had never before had at Tankerville a man who could talk so well. Mr. Browborough without ceasing repeated his well-worn assurance, and it was received with the loudest exclamation of delight by his own party. The clergymen of the town and neighborhood crowded round him and pursued him, and almost seemed to believe in him. They were at any rate fighting their battle as best they knew how to fight it. But the great body of the colliers listened to Phineas, and every collier was now a voter. Then Mr. Ruddles, who had many eyes, began to perceive that the old game was to be played. "There'll be money going to-morrow after all," he whispered to Finn the evening before the election."

"I suppose you expected that."

"I wasn't sure. They began by thinking they could do without it. They don't want to sacrifice the borough."

"Nor do I, Mr. Ruddles."

"But they'll sooner do that than lose the seat. A couple of dozen of men out of the Fallgate would make us safe." Mr. Ruddles smiled as he said this.

And Phineas smiled as he answered, "If any good can be done by talking to the men at the Fallgate, I'll talk to them by the hour together."

"We've about done all that," said Mr. Ruddles.

Then came the voting. Up to two o'clock the polling was so equal that the numbers at Mr. Browborough's committee-room were always given in his favor, and those at the Liberal room in favor of Phineas Finn. At three o'clock Phineas was acknowledged to be ten ahead. He himself was surprised at his own success, and declared to himself that his old luck had not deserted him.

"They're giving £2 10*s.* a vote at the Fallgate this minute," said Ruddles to him at a quarter past three.

"We shall have to prove it."

"We can do that, I think," said Ruddles.

At four o'clock, when the poll was over, Browborough was declared to have won on the post by seven votes. He was that same evening declared by the Mayor to have been elected sitting member for the borough, and he again assured the people in his speech that the prosperity of England depends on the Church of her people.

"We shall carry the seat on a scrutiny as sure as eggs," said Mr. Ruddles, who had been quite won by the gallant way in which Phineas had fought his battle.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DAUBENY'S GREAT MOVE.

THE whole Liberal party was taken very much by surprise at the course which the election ran. Or perhaps it might be more proper to say that the Parliamentary leaders of the party were surprised. It had not been recognized by them as necessary that the great question of Church and State should be generally discussed on this occasion. It was a matter of course that it should be discussed at some places, and by some men. Eager Dissenters would, of course, take advantage of the opportunity to press their views, and no doubt the entire abolition of the Irish Church as a State establishment had taught Liberals to think and Conservatives to fear that the question would force itself forward at no very distant date. But it had not been expected to do so now. The general incompetence of a Ministry who could not command a majority on any measure was intended to be the strong point of the Liberal party, not only at the election, but at the meeting of Parliament. The Church question, which was necessarily felt by all statesmen to be of such magnitude as to dwarf every other, was not wanted as yet. It might remain in the background as the future standing-point for some great political struggle, in which it would be again necessary that every Liberal should fight, as though for life, with his teeth and nails. Men who ten years since regarded almost with abhorrence, and certainly with distrust, the idea of disruption between Church and State in England, were no doubt learning to perceive that such disruption must come, and were reconciling themselves to it after that slow, silent, inargumentative fashion in which convictions force themselves among us. And from reconciliation to the idea some were advancing to enthusiasm on its behalf. "It is only a question of time," was now said by many who hardly remembered how devoted they had been to the Established Church of England a dozen years ago. But the fruit was not yet ripe, and the leaders of the Liberal party by no means desired that it should be plucked. They were, therefore, surprised, and but little pleased, when they found that the question was more discussed than any other on the hustings of enthusiastically political boroughs.

Barrington Erle was angry when he received the letter of Phineas Finn. He was at that moment staying with the Duke of St. Bungay, who was regarded by many as the only possible leader of the Liberal party, should Mr. Gresham for any reason fail them. Indeed, the old Whigs, of whom Barrington Erle considered himself to be one, would have much preferred the Duke to Mr. Gresham, had it been possible to set Mr. Gresham aside. But Mr. Gresham was too strong to be set aside; and Erle and the Duke, with all their brethren, were minded to be thoroughly loyal to their leader. He was their leader, and not to be loyal was, in their minds, treachery. But occasionally they feared that the man would carry them whither they did not desire to go. In the mean time heavy things were spoken of our poor friend Finn.

"After all, that man is an ass," said Erle.

"If so, I believe you are altogether responsible for him," said the Duke.

"Well, yes, in a measure; but not altogether. That, however, is a long story. He has many good gifts. He is clever, good-tempered, and one of the pleasantest fellows that ever lived. The women all like him."

"So the Duchess tells me."

"But he is not what I call loyal. He can not keep himself from running after strange gods. What need had he to take up the Church question at Tankerville? The truth is, Duke, the thing is going to pieces. We get men into the House now who are clever, and all that sort of thing, and who force their way up, but who can't be made to understand that every body should not want to be Prime Minister." The Duke, who was now a Nestor among politicians, though very green in his age, smiled as he heard remarks which had been familiar to him for the last forty years. He, too, liked his party, and was fond of loyal men; but he had learned at last that all loyalty must be built on a basis of self-advantage. Patriotism may exist without it, but that which Erle called loyalty in politics was simply devotion to the side which a man conceives to be his side, and which he can not leave without danger to himself.

But if discontent was felt at the eagerness with which this subject was taken up at certain boroughs, and was adopted by men whose votes and general support would be essentially necessary to the would-be coming Liberal Government, absolute dismay was occasioned by a speech that was made at a certain county election. Mr. Daubeny had for many years been member for East Barsetshire, and was as sure of his seat as the Queen of her throne. No one would think of contesting Mr. Daubeny's right to sit for East Barsetshire, and no doubt he might have been returned without showing himself to the electors. But he did show himself to the electors, and, as a matter of course, made a speech on the occasion. It so happened that the day fixed for the election in this division of the county was quite at the close of this period of political excitement. When Mr. Daubeny addressed his friends in East Barsetshire, the returns throughout the kingdom were nearly complete. No attention had been paid to this fact during the elections, but it was afterward asserted that the arrangement had been made with a political purpose, and with a purpose which was politically dishonest. Mr. Daubeny, so said the angry Liberals, had not chosen to address his constituents till his speech at the hustings could have no effect on other counties. Otherwise—so said the Liberals—the whole Conservative party would have been called upon to disavow at the hustings the conclusion to which Mr. Daubeny hinted in East Barsetshire that he had arrived. The East Barsetshire men themselves—so said the Liberals—had been too crass to catch the meaning hidden under his ambiguous words; but those words, when read by the light of astute criticism, were found to contain an opinion that Church and State should be dissevered. "By G—! he's going to take the bread out of our mouths again," said Mr. Ratler.

The speech was certainly very ambiguous, and I am not sure that the East Barsetshire folk were so crass as they were accused of being in not understanding it at once. The dreadful hint was wrapped up in many words, and formed but a small part of a very long oration. The bucolic mind of East Barsetshire took warm delight in the eloquence of the eminent personage who represented them, but was wont to extract more actual enjoyment from the music of his periods than from the strength of his arguments. When he would explain to them that he had discovered a new, or rather hitherto unknown, conservative element in the character of his countrymen, which he could best utilize by changing every thing in the Constitution, he manipulated his words with such grace, was so profound, so broad, and so exalted, was so brilliant in mingling a deep philosophy with the ordinary politics of the day, that the bucolic mind could only admire. It was a great honor to the electors of that agricultural county that they should be made the first recipients of these pearls, which were not wasted by being thrown before them. They were picked up by the gentlemen of the Press, and became the pearls, not of East Barsetshire, but of all England. On this occasion it was found that one pearl was very big, very rare, and worthy of great attention; but it was a black pearl, and was regarded by many as an abominable prodigy. "The period of our history is one in which it becomes essential for us to renew those inquiries which have prevailed since man first woke to his destiny as to the amount of connection which exists, and which must exist, between spiritual and simply human forms of government—between our daily religion and our daily politics—between the Crown and the Mitre." The East Barsetshire clergymen and the East Barsetshire farmers like to hear something of the mitre in political speeches at the hustings. The word sounds pleasantly in their ears as appertaining to good old gracious times and good old gracious things. As honey falls fast from the mouth of the practiced speaker, the less practiced hearer is apt to catch more of the words than of the sense. The speech of Mr. Daubeny was taken all in good part by his assembled friends. But when it was read by the quid nuncs on the following day, it was found to contain so deep a meaning that it produced from Mr. Ratler's mouth those words of fear which have been already quoted.

Could it really be the case that the man intended to perform so audacious a trick of legerdemain as this for the preservation of his power, and that if he intended it he should have the power to carry it through? The renewal of inquiry as to the connection which exists between the Crown and the Mitre, when the bran was bolted, could only mean the disestablishment of the Church. Mr. Ratler and his friends were not long in bolting the bran. Regarding the matter simply in its own light, without bringing to bear upon it the experience of the last half century, Mr. Ratler would have thought his party strong enough to defy Mr. Daubeny utterly in such an attempt. The ordinary politician, looking at Mr. Daubeny's position as leader of the Conservative party, as a statesman depending on the support of the Church, as a minister appointed to his present place for the express object of defending all that was left of old and dear and venerable in the Constitution, would have declared that Mr. Daubeny was committing political suicide, as to which future history would record a verdict of probably not temporary insanity. And when the speech was a week old this was said in many a respectable household through the country. Many a squire, many a parson, many a farmer was grieved for Mr. Daubeny when the words had been explained to him, who did not for a moment think that the words could be portentous as to the great Conservative party. But Mr. Ratler remembered Catholic emancipation, had himself been in the House when the Corn Laws were repealed, and had been nearly broken-hearted when household suffrage had become the law of the land while a conservative Cabinet and a conservative Government were in possession of dominion in Israel.

Mr. Bonteen was disposed to think that the trick was beyond the conjuring power even of Mr. Daubeny. "After all, you know, there is the party," he said to Mr. Ratler. Mr. Ratler's face was as good as a play, and if seen by that party would have struck that party with dismay and shame. The meaning of Mr. Ratler's face was plain enough. He thought so little of that party, on the score either of intelligence, honesty, or fidelity, as to imagine that it would consent to be led whithersoever Mr. Daubeny might choose to lead it. "If they care about any thing, it's about the Church," said Mr. Bonteen.

"There's something they like a great deal better than the Church," said Mr. Ratler. "Indeed, there's only one thing they care about at all now. They've given up all the old things. It's very likely that if Daubeny were to ask them to vote for pulling down the Throne and establishing a Republic, they'd all follow him into the lobby like sheep. They've been so knocked about by one treachery after another that they don't care now for any thing beyond their places."

"It's only a few of them get any thing, after all."

"Yes, they do. It isn't just so much a year they want, though those who have that won't like to part with it. But they like getting the counties, and the Garters, and the promotion in the army. They like their brothers to be made bishops, and their sisters like the Wardrobe and the Bed-chamber. There isn't one of them that doesn't hang on somewhere—or at least not many. Do you remember Peel's bill for the Corn Laws?"

"There were fifty went against him then," said Bonteen.

"And what are fifty? A man doesn't like to be one of fifty. It's too many for glory, and not enough for strength. There has come up among them a general feeling that it's just as well to let things slide, as the Yankees say. They're down-hearted about it enough within their own houses, no doubt. But what can they do if they hold back? Some stout old Cavalier here and there may shut himself up in his own castle, and tell himself that the world around him may go to wrack and ruin, but that he will not help the evil work. Some are shutting themselves up. Look at old Quin, when they carried their Reform Bill. But men, as a rule, don't like to be shut up. How they reconcile it to their conscience—that's what I can't understand." Such was the wisdom and such were the fears of Mr. Ratler. Mr. Bonteen, however, could not bring himself to believe that the Archenemy would on this occasion be successful. "It mayn't be too hot for him," said Mr. Bonteen, when he reviewed the whole matter, "but I think it 'll be too heavy."

They who had mounted higher than Mr. Ratler and Mr. Bonteen on the political ladder, but who had mounted on the same side, were no less astonished than their inferiors; and, perhaps, were equally disgusted, though they did not allow themselves to express their disgust as plainly. Mr. Gresham was staying in the country with his friend, Lord Cantrip, when the tidings reached them of Mr. Daubeny's speech to the electors of East Barsetshire. Mr. Gresham and Lord Cantrip had long sat in the same Cabinet, and were fast friends, understanding each other's views, and thoroughly trusting each other's loyalty. "He means it," said Lord Cantrip.

"He means to see if it be possible," said the other. "It is thrown out as a feeler to his own party."

"I'll do him the justice of saying that he's not afraid of his party. If he means it he means it altogether, and will not retract it, even though the party should refuse as a body to support him. I give him no other credit, but I give him that."

Mr. Gresham paused for a few moments before he answered. "I do not know," said he, "whether we are justified in thinking that one man will always be the same. Daubeny has once been very audacious, and he succeeded. But he had two things to help him—a leader, who, though thoroughly trusted, was very idle, and an ill-defined question. When he had won his leader he had won his party. He has no such tower of strength now. And in the doing of this thing, if he means to do it, he must encounter the assured conviction of every man on his own side, both in the Upper and Lower House. When he told them that he would tap a conservative element by reducing the suffrage, they did not know whether to believe him or not. There might be something in it. It might be that they would thus resume a class of suffrage existing in former days, but which had fallen into abeyance, because not properly protected. They could teach themselves to believe that it might be so, and those among them who found it necessary to free their souls did so teach themselves. I don't see how they are to free their souls when they are invited to put down the State establishment of the Church."

"He'll find a way for them."

"It's possible. I'm the last man in the world to contest the possibility, or even the expediency, of changes in political opinion. But I do not know whether it follows that because he was brave and successful once he must necessarily be brave and successful again. A man rides at some outrageous fence, and by the wonderful activity and obedient zeal of his horse is carried over it in safety. It does not follow that his horse will carry him over a house, or that he should be fool enough to ask the beast to do so."

"He intends to ride at the house," said Lord Cantrip; "and he means it because others have talked of it. You saw the line which my rash young friend Finn took at Tankerville."

"And all for nothing."

"I am not so sure of that. They say he is like the rest. If Daubeny does carry the party with him, I suppose the days of the Church are numbered."

"And what if they be?" Mr. Gresham almost sighed as he said this, although he intended to express a certain amount of satisfaction. "What if they be? You know, and I know, that the thing has to be done. Whatever may be our own individual feelings, or even our present judgment on the subject—as to which neither of us can perhaps say that his mind is not so made up that it may not soon be altered—we know that the present union can not remain. It is unfitted for that condition of humanity to which we are coming; and if so, the change must be for good. Why should not he do it as well as another? Or, rather, would not he do it better than another, if he can do it with less of animosity than we should rouse against us? If the blow would come softer from his hands than from ours, with less of a feeling of injury to those who dearly love the Church, should we not be glad that he should undertake the task?"

"Then you will not oppose him?"

"Ah! there is much to be considered before we can say that. Though he may not be bound by his friends, we may be bound by ours. And then, though I can hint to you at a certain condition of mind, and can sympathize with you, feeling that such may become the condition of your mind, I can not say that I should act upon it as an established conviction, or that I can expect that you will do so. If such be the political programme submitted to us when the House meets, then we must be prepared."

Lord Cantrip also paused a moment before he answered, but he had his answer ready. "I can frankly say that I should follow your leading, but that I should give my voice for opposition."

"Your voice is always persuasive," said Mr. Gresham.

But the consternation felt among Mr. Daubeny's friends was infinitely greater than that which fell among his enemies, when those wonderful words were read, discussed, criticised, and explained. It seemed to every clergyman in England that nothing short of disestablishment could be intended by them. And this was the man to whom they had all looked for protection! This was the bulwark of the Church to whom they had all trusted! This was the hero who had been so sound and so firm respecting the Irish Establishment, when evil counsels had been allowed to prevail in regard to that ill-used but still sacred vineyard! All friends of the Church had then whispered among themselves fearfully, and had, with sad looks and grievous forebodings, acknowledged that the thin edge of the wedge had been driven into the very rock of the Establishment. The enemies of the Church were known to be powerful, numerous, and of course unscrupulous. But surely this Brutus would not raise a dagger against this Cæsar! And yet, if not, what was the meaning of those words? And then men and women began to tell each other—the men and women who are the very salt of the earth in this England of ours—that their Brutus, in spite of his great qualities, had ever been mysterious, unintelligible, dangerous, and given to feats of conjuring. They had only been too submissive to their Brutus. Wonderful feats of conjuring they had endured, understanding nothing of the manner in which they were performed—nothing of their probable results; but this feat of conjuring they would not endure. And so there were many meetings held about the country, though the time for combined action was very short.

Nothing more audacious than the speaking of those few words to the bucolic electors of East Barsetshire had ever been done in the political history of England. Cromwell was bold when he closed the Long Parliament. Shaftesbury was bold when he formed the plot for which Lord Russell and others suffered. Walpole was bold when, in his lust for power, he discarded one political friend after another. And Peel was bold when he resolved to repeal the Corn Laws. But in none of these instances was the audacity displayed more wonderful than when Mr. Daubeny took upon himself to make known throughout the country his intention of abolishing the Church of England. For to such a declaration did those few words amount. He was now the recognized Parliamentary leader of that party to which the Church of England was essentially dear. He had achieved his place by skill rather than principle—by the conviction on men's minds that he was necessary rather than that he was fit. But still, there he was; and though he had alarmed many—had probably alarmed all those who followed him by his eccentric and dangerous mode of carrying on the battle—though no Conservative regarded him as safe—yet on this question of the Church it had been believed that he was sound. What might be the special ideas of his own mind regarding ecclesiastical policy in general, it had not been thought necessary to consider. His utterances had been confusing, mysterious, and perhaps purposely unintelligible; but that was matter of little moment so long as he was prepared to defend the establishment of the Church of England as an institution adapted for English purposes. On that point it was believed that he was sound. To that mast it was supposed he had nailed his own colors and those of his party. In defending that fortress it was thought that he would be ready to fall, should the defense of it require a fall. It was because he was so far safe that he was there. And yet he spoke these words without consulting a single friend, or suggesting the propriety of his new scheme to a single supporter. And he knew what he was doing. This was the way in which he had thought it best to make known to his own followers, not only that he was about to abandon the old Institution, but that they must do so too!

As regarded East Barsetshire itself, he was returned, and fêted, and sent home with his ears stuffed with eulogy before the bucolic mind had discovered his purpose. On so much he had probably calculated. But he had calculated also that after an interval of three or four days his secret would be known to all friends and enemies. On the day after his speech came the report of it in the newspapers; on the next day the leading articles, in which the world was told what it was that the Prime Minister had really said. Then, on the following day, the startled parsons, and the startled squires and farmers, and, above all, the startled peers and members of the Lower House, whose duty it was to vote as he should lead them, were all agog. Could it be that the newspapers were right in this meaning which they had attached to these words? On the day week after the election in East Barsetshire a Cabinet Council was called in London, at which it would, of course, be Mr. Daubeny's duty to explain to his colleagues what it was that he did purpose to do.

In the mean time he saw a colleague or two.

"Let us look it straight in the face," he said to a noble colleague; "we must look it in the face before long."

"But we need not hurry it forward."

"There is a storm coming. We knew that before, and we heard the sound of it from every husting in the country. How shall we rule the storm so that it may pass over the land without devastating it? If we bring in a bill—"

"A bill for disestablishing the Church!" said the horror-stricken lord.

"If we bring in a bill, the purport of which shall be to moderate the ascendency of the Church in accordance with the existing religious feelings of the population, we shall save much that otherwise must fall. If there must be a bill, would you rather that it should be modeled by us who love the Church, or by those who hate it?"

That lord was very wroth, and told the right honorable gentleman to his face that his duty to his party should have constrained him to silence on that subject till he had consulted his colleagues. In answer to this, Mr. Daubeny said with much dignity that, should such be the opinion of his colleagues in general, he would at once abandon the high place which he held in their councils. But he trusted that it might be otherwise. He had felt himself bound to communicate his ideas to his constituents, and had known that in doing so some minds must be shocked. He trusted that he might be able to allay this feeling of dismay. As regarded this noble lord, he did succeed in lessening the dismay before the meeting was over, though he did not altogether allay it.

Another gentleman who was in the habit of sitting at Mr. Daubeny's elbow daily in the House of Commons was much gentler to him, both as to words and manner. "It's a bold throw, but I'm afraid it won't come up sixes," said the right honorable gentleman.

"Let it come up fives, then. It's the only chance we have; and if you think, as I do, that it is essentially necessary for the welfare of the country that we should remain where we are, we must run the risk."

With another colleague, whose mind was really set on that which the Church is presumed to represent, he used another argument. "I am convinced, at any rate, of this," said Mr. Daubeny; "that by sacrificing something of that ascendency which the Establishment is supposed to give us, we can bring the Church, which we love, nearer to the wants of the people." And so it came about that before the Cabinet met, every member of it knew what it was that was expected of him.

CHAPTER VI.

PHINEAS AND HIS OLD FRIENDS.

Phineas Finn returned home from London to Tankerville in much better spirits than those which had accompanied him on his journey thither. He was not elected; but then, before the election, he had come to believe that it was quite out of the question that he should be elected. And now he did think it probable that he should get the seat on a petition. A scrutiny used to be a very expensive business, but under the existing law, made as the scrutiny would be in the borough itself, it would cost but little, and that little, should he be successful, would fall on the shoulders of Mr. Browborough. Should he knock off eight votes and lose none himself, he would be member for Tankerville. He knew that many votes had been given for Browborough which, if the truth were known of them, would be knocked off; and he did not know that the same could be said of any one of those by which he had been supported. But, unfortunately, the judge by whom all this would be decided might not reach Tankerville in his travels till after Christmas, perhaps not till after Easter; and in the mean time what should he do with himself?

As for going back to Dublin, that was now